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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

WHAT THE REBELS EXPECT OF THE COPPERHEADS.

From The Richmond Dispatch.

The demonstrations of opposition to the Lincoln government in the Northern States are of a character appropriate to that country, and *do not promise much success to those who are engaged in the agitation.* There are too many parties to it, and they are too much divided in their counsels. The only point they are united upon is that of "crushing the rebellion," and in uniting upon that they throw all the power in Lincoln's hands. The common people instinctively ask, "If you all agree with the government that the rebellion must be crushed, why do you oppose the government? Why not give it men and money to do what it is so earnestly striving to do?" *The answer is most difficult, and can hardly satisfy the masses.*

We doubt not that a large portion of those in the opposition are playing their cards cunningly—*that they are really anxious to stop the war;* but knowing that an unconditional opposition to it would be so unpopular that they could not maintain it, they make the suppression of the rebellion one of the planks in their platform. This kind of political fraud is characteristic of the Yankee nation. It belongs to the *genius* of the people. They had stamped it upon the national platforms of the great parties for years before the breaking up of the Union. It had corrupted Southern Statesmen, and was insinuating its bad influence through the land like a plague. But the cunning gamblers are playing their game against powerful odds. They are "fighting the tiger." Lincoln is behind the table, and has all the advantages of the contest. He has the treasury and the army—the purse and the sword—and they nothing but cunning words and hypocritical pretences. His cartridges and balls, his chains and prisons, are powerful arguments against their war of words, and to offset their intrigue and management, he has the entire patronage and contracts of the government, so immensely swollen by the war, sufficient to bribe the controlling men of the entire nation. The odds are incalculably heavy against the opposition.

There is a part of the people and prominent men of the North who have declared unconditionally for the termination of the war. But there are few who have been bold enough to do this. The Woods, in New York, and Capt. Rynders, were the leaders of those in New York who took this ground, and it was observable that at the meeting which took this stand *none of the more prominent statesmen made their appearance.* They fought shy, and preferred to indulge in generalities about the restoration of peace by terminating the rebellion in some way. They would have preferred trick and cheating with some bribery, doubtless; but it was left to be inferred that either these arts and appliances or force must be used. Even Mr. Vallandigham, *whom we do not impugn along with the common run of Northern politicians, has not been consistent.* In Congress he refused to vote a dollar for the war; but still he has declared himself for a restoration of the Union, either by negotiation or *war.* If he could not succeed by peaceable means, he has said that he would employ arms, and would himself enter the field. While we doubt whether he would, if he controlled matters, make a very *vigorous war*, nevertheless the moral weight of his position is against what all of them call the "rebellion," and therefore in favor of war and Lincoln, who is carrying it on.

Looking over the field of Northern politics, then, we see not how headway is likely to be made against the Washington despotism. Important elections are soon to take place which will throw much light upon the tone and temper of Northern popular feeling, especially in the Northwest, and how they have been influenced by the inconsistent and confused opposition raised against Lincoln. We question very much whether he fears it at all. His bold measures for putting an end to "free speech and free press" not having been resisted, he no doubt feels that he is firmly seated in power. He will hardly have to call out his janissaries to stifle the voice of the people at the polls. The timidity of the leaders of the opposition, their vehement declarations about the putting down the rebellion, show the popular sentiment. They know the servile masses of the North, and are trying to propitiate them. They will be defeated if there is any truth in the signs. That the serried ranks of Black Republicanism, backed by the army and power and patronage of the government, will prevail against their divided legions we think more than probable.

There is no good reason in an opinion to calculate upon any speedy divisions among the Northern people of an extent sufficient to be very beneficial to us. For the natural effects of the disturbing causes which must disrupt society and separate the populations of the North, *time is necessary.* Even with time, they must be assisted by our own courage and constancy. The one-man power there must be omnipotent as long as his armies are undefeated. With it he can keep down rebellion at home, which can never get fairly upon its feet until the Southern Confederacy has inflicted upon him such a blow as to deprive him of the confidence of his supporters, and relieve his opponents of fear.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF THE NORTH THE CHIEF DEPENDENCE OF THE REBELS.

From The Richmond Enquirer, Sept. 7.

The success of the Northern Democratic party would be no longer doubtful should Gen. Lee once more advance on Meade. Parties in the United States are so nearly balanced, that the least advantage thrown in favor of one will insure its success. Should the Confederate army remain quiescent on the banks of the Rappahannock, the boastful braggadocio of the Yankee official reports will be confirmed, and Lincoln and Halleck will point in triumph to the crippled condition of the Confederate army as a confirmation of the great victory won in Pennsylvania.

The Democrats, unable to gainsay such evidence, will be constrained to enter the contest for the Speakership shorn of the principal part of their strength—the disgraceful mismanagement and conduct of the war. Gen. Lee must turn politician as well as warrior, and we believe he will prove the most successful politician the Confederacy has ever produced. He may so move and direct his army as to produce political results which in their bearing upon this war will prove more effectual than the bloodiest victories. *Let him drive Meade into Washington and he will again raise the spirits of the Democrats, confirm their timid and give confidence to their wavering. He will embolden the Peace party should he again cross the Potomac,* for he will show the people of Pennsylvan a how little security they have from Lincoln for the protection of their homes. It matters not whether the advance be made for purposes of permanent occupation or simply for a grand raid, it will demonstrate that in the third year of the war they are so far from the subjugation of the Confederate States that the defence of Maryland and Pennsylvania has not yet been secured. A Fall campaign into Pennsylvania, with the hands of our soldiers untied—not for indiscriminate plunder, demoralizing and undisciplining the army, but a campaign for systematic and organized retaliation and punishment—would arouse the popular mind to the uncertainty and insecurity of Pennsylvania. This would react upon the representatives in Congress, strengthening the Democrats and mollifying even Hardshell fanaticism itself. The damages which the last campaign inflicted, if augmented by another this Fall, when presented to the Lincoln government, would, unless paid, greatly exasperate the people against an Administration which neither defends the State nor reimburses its citizens for the losses which its own imbecility has produced. And if these damages are paid the debt is increased, the taxes raised, and the burdens imposed, will accomplish the same end. Let the great and important fact be constantly kept in tangible and threatening aspect before the people of Pennsylvania that, notwithstanding they have opened the Mississippi and are besieging Charleston and threatening East Tennessee, and Georgia and Alabama—that, notwithstanding all this, Pennsylvania is not safe from invasion, and Washington City is again beleagured in this third year of the war. *The road to peace lies through Pennsylvania, via Washington.*

Selections.

*MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.**

[Extracts selected and copied for THE STANDARD by R. D. WEBB of Dublin.]

HATRED OF THE LOW IRISH TOWARDS THE NEGROES.

THE low Irish seem to have the same sort of hatred of negroes which sects, differing but little in their tenets, have for each other. The fact is, that a condition in their own country nearly similar, has made the poor Irish almost as degraded a class of beings as the negroes are here, and their insolence towards them, and hatred of them, are precisely in proportion to the resemblance between them.

You must not suppose that these same Irish free laborers and negro slaves will be permitted to work together at this Brunswick canal. They say that this would be utterly impossible; for why? There would be tumults, and risings, and broken heads, and bloody bones, and all the natural results of Irish intercommunion with their fellow-creatures, no doubt—perhaps even a little more riot and violence than merely comports with their usual habits of Milesian good fellowship; for, say the masters, the Irish hate the negroes even more than the Americans do, and there would be no bound to their murderous animosity, if they were brought in contact with them on the same position of the works of the Brunswick Canal.

THE MEAN WHITES.

These are the so-called pine-landers of Georgia, I suppose the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin, that can be found on the face of the earth—filthy, lazy, ignorant, brutal, proud, penniless savages, without one of the nobler attributes which have been found occasionally allied to the vices of savage nature. They own no slaves, for they are almost without exception abjectly poor; they will not work, for that, as they conceive, would reduce them to an equality with the abhorred negroes; they squat, and steal, and starve, on the outskirts of this lowest of all civilized societies, and their countenances bear witness to the squalor of their condition, and the utter degradation of their natures. To the crime of slavery, though they have no profitable part or lot in it, they are fiercely accessory, because it is the barrier that divides the black and white races, at the foot of which they lie wallowing in unspeakable degradation, but immensely proud of the base freedom which still separates them from the lash-driven tillers of the soil. . . . Of such is the white family so wonderfully described in Mrs. Stowe's "Dred"—whose only slave brings up the orphaned children of his master with such exquisitely grotesque and pathetic tenderness. From such the conscription which has fed the Southern army in the deplorable civil conflict now raging in America, has drawn its rank and file. Better "food for powder" the world could scarcely supply. Fierce and idle, with hardly one of the necessities or amenities that belong to civilized existence, they are hardy endurers of hardships, and reckless to a savage degree of the value of life, whether their own or others. The soldier's pay, received or promised, exceeds in amount per month anything they ever earned before per year, and the war they wage is one that enlists all their proud and ferocious instincts.

It is against the Yankees—the Northern sons of free soil, free toil and intelligence, the hated Abolitionists whose success would sweep away slavery and reduce the Southern white men to work—no wonder they are ready to fight to the death against this detestable alternative, especially as they look to victory as the certain promotion of the refuse of the "poor white" population of the South, of which they are one and all members, to the coveted dignity of slaveholders.

THE ABETTORS OF SLAVERY.

The more I hear, and see, and learn, and ponder the whole of this system of slavery, the more impossible I find it to conceive how its practisers and upholders are to justify their deeds before the light of their own conscience or God's law.

THE VAPID LIVES OF SOUTHERN WHITE WOMEN.

If you are half as tired of the sameness and stupidity of the conversation of my Southern female neighbors as I am, I pity you; but not as much as I pity them for the stupid sameness of their most vapid existence, which would deaden any amount of intelligence, obliterate any amount of instruction, and render torpid and stagnant any amount of natural energy and vivacity. I would rather die—rather a thousand times—than live the lives of these Georgia planters' wives and daughters.

CONDITION OF PLANTATION SLAVES.

In considering the whole condition of the people on this plantation, it appears to me that the principal hardships fall to the lot of the women; that is, the principal physical hardships.

The very young members of the community are of course idle and neglected; the very, very old idle and neglected too; the middle-aged men do not appear to me overworked, and lead a mere animal existence, in itself not peculiarly cruel or distressing, but involving a constant element of fear and uncertainty, and the trifling evils of unrequited labor, ignorance the most profound (to which they are condemned by law), and the unutterable injustice which precludes them from all the merits and all the benefits of voluntary exertion, and the progress which results from it. If they are absolutely unconscious of these evils, then they are not very ill-off brutes, always barring the chance of being given or sold away from their mates or their young—processes which even brutes do not always relish.

THE EMANCIPATED SLAVES AS LANDHOLDERS.

Of course in freeing the slaves it would be necessary to contemplate the possibility of their becoming eventual proprietors of the soil to some extent themselves. There is as little doubt that many of them would soon acquire the means of doing so (men who amass, during hours of daily extra labors, through years of unpaid toil, the means of buying themselves from their masters, would soon justify their freedom by the intelligent improvement of their condition), as that many of the present landholders would be ready and glad to alienate their impoverished estates by parcels, and sell the land which has become comparatively unprofitable to them, to its enfranchised cultivators. This, the future ownership of land by negroes, as well as their admission to those rights of citizenship which everywhere in America such ownership involves, would necessarily become future subjects of legislation; and either or both privileges might be withheld temporarily, indefinitely or permanently, as might seem expedient, and the progress in civilization which might justify such an extension of rights. These and any other modifications of the state of the black population of the South would require great wisdom to deal with, but their immediate transformation from bondsmen to free might, I think, be accomplished with little danger or difficulty, and with certain increase of property to the Southern States.

FATE OF THE SLAVES IN THE EVENT OF SUCCESSFUL SECESSION.

The position in which they (the Southerners) will find themselves if the contest terminates in favor of secession will be undoubtedly more difficult and terrible than the one the mere anticipation of which has drawn them to the dire resort of civil war. All round the Southern coast, and all along the course of the great Mississippi, and all across the Northern frontier of the slave States, the negroes have already thrown off the trammels of slavery. Whatever their condition may be—and doubtless in many respects it is miserable enough—they are to all intents and purposes free. Vast numbers of them have joined the Northern invading armies, and considerable bodies of them have become organized as soldiers and laborers, under the supervision of Northern officers and employees; most of them have learned the use of arms, and possess them; all of them have exchanged the insufficient slave diet of grits and rice for the abundant supplies of animal food, which the poorest laborer in that favored land of cheap provisions and high wages indulge in to an extent unknown in any other country. None of these slaves of yesterday will be the same slaves to-morrow. Little essential difference as may yet have been effected by the President's proclamation in the interior of the South in the condition of the blacks, it is undoubtedly known to them, and they are waiting in ominous suspense its accomplishment or defeat by the fortune of the war; they are watching the issue of the contest of which they well know themselves to be the theme, and at its conclusion, end how it will, they must be emancipated or exterminated. With the North not only not friendly to slavery, but henceforward bitterly hostile to slaveholders, and no more to be reckoned upon as heretofore it might have been infallibly by the Southern white population in any difficulty with the blacks (a fact of which the negroes will be as well aware as their former masters), with an invisible boundary stretching from ocean to ocean, over which they may fly without fear of a master's claim following them a single inch—with the hope and expectation of liberty suddenly snatched from them at the moment it seemed within their grasp—with the door of their dungeon once more barred between them and the light into which they were in the act of emerging—is it to be conceived that these four millions of people, many thousands of whom are already free and armed, will submit without a struggle to be again thrust down into the hell of slavery? Hitherto there has been no insurrection among the negroes, and observers, friendly and inimical to them, have alike drawn from that fact conclusions unfavorable to their appreciation of the freedom apparently within their grasp; but they are waiting to see what the North will really achieve for them. The liberty offered them is hitherto anomalous and uncertain enough in its conditions; they probably trust it as little as they know it; but slavery they *do* know—and when once they find themselves again delivered over to *that* experience, there will not be *one* insurrection in the South; there will be an insurrection in every State, in every County, on every plantation—a struggle as fierce as it will be futile—a hopeless effort of hopeless men, which will baptize in blood the new American nation, and inaugurate its birth among the civilized societies of the earth, not by the manumission but the massacre of every slave within its borders.

A GLORIOUS FUTURE FOR THE UNION ANTICIPATED.

Admonished by its terrible experiences, I believe the nation will reunite itself under one government, remodel its Constitution, and again address itself to fulfil its glorious destiny. I believe that the country sprung from ours—of all our joint subjects of national pride the greatest—will resume its career of prosperity and power, and become the noblest as well as the mightiest that has existed among the nations of the earth.

**Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838, 1839. By Frances Anne Kemble.*

SLAVES AND SLAVERY IN TENNESSEE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1863.

THE colored population of Nashville, since the city *reentered* the Union, has been unusually exuberant. The place had long been regarded by the Tennessee blacks as a sort of terrestrial Paradise. A snug position in some good Nashville family was wont to be looked upon by the less fortunate outside "cullud pussons" with about as much envy as "Father Abraham's" position is looked upon by sundry modest aspirants who fancy that a hitherto ungrateful country may yet raise them there. Since the war—that great dissolver of bonds—has set in, a strong stream of black *exempts* has set in along with it toward Nashville, the haven of their hopes. The rebel numbers departed are more than overbalanced by the loyal numbers that have come—"persons" with dark skins but bright expectations. The city, therefore, though crowds have left it, is anything but "deserted." Even without the convenient presence of Uncle Samuel's sword-and-bayonet bearers, it would be, from the increase mentioned, more populous than before.

This black element permeates every department and every foothold in and around Nashville. The hospitals are crowded with "colored help." The immense wagon trains which come into Nashville and go out of it almost daily, are illustrated by sable muleteers, for Sambo is capital as the master of six mules, and it is rare in this Department that a "pale face" is seen astride of a wheel mule, indicating that the team belongs to *him.* Steamboats unlading at the landing have need of Sambo's sinewy arms and sturdy endurance, and you therefore meet Sambo *numerously* at this point. At officer's quarters, at the public buildings, at the fortifications, in the trenches, at the contraband camp on the outskirts, where several hundreds contrive to live in spite of the scantiest sustenance, at the drill rendezvous where an inchoate regiment or two is beginning to show the fruits borne by Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson and Fort Wagner—everywhere, where hard, useful work is to be done, you will find the descendant of Ham cheerfully bending himself to his tasks, and helping forward the grand movement which is to result at no distant day in the complete success of a long struggling government to maintain itself and its integrity, in spite of rebel venom and fury, and by the process, elevating himself into the stature of a *man.*

This is Sambo's hope, and therefore he carols at his toils. In the faith that he and his family are henceforth free, he counts pain pleasure, and submits without a sigh, to privation, hardship, suffering—glad to bear every burden, if his yoke thereby be only broken, and the longed-for consummation safely won.

What is to become of these ebony, or if you like, piebald masses of humanity, when the present agony shall be over? The question has thrust itself upon me again and again, as I have seen these sable faces contentedly sweating under their daily burdens. Is not the Southern negro a man? Has he not "eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Summer and Winter," as the white man is? Does the atmosphere in which he has been born and nurtured, specially incapacitate him for any condition except that of bondage? Is he less fit for freedom than his brother black man of the North, who has found the boon a blessing, and has used it without detriment to the State? Would his freedom, while elevating him, certainly elevate and improve all the material and economical interests of his section? Is it possible to blight his present hope and trust by remanding him, when this conflict is over, to his former condition? These questions have a very trenchant pertinency at the present juncture, and with sundry cognate ones, are seriously occupying the minds of thoughtful people here.

Were the people of Tennessee at the present moment to vote on the question of retaining or emancipating their slaves, it is unquestionable that the former would prevail, perhaps by a large majority. Lifelong prejudices requiring time to conquer, the force of education, of habit, of geographical position, of sectional *caste* and bias, of the controlling influence exerted by the 30,000 slaveholders of the State upon the masses who vote, and are dependent more or less upon the lordly class, owning, among them, nearly all the valuable land of Tennessee, would make the result not doubtful.

Light, on the true economical interests of the masses enters more slowly here than at the North. The governing classes have regarded it as for their own interest to exclude it, and it has been excluded. The poor man here is less intelligent, because less educated, and as a consequence, is a less independent thinker than he is there. He feels that he labors under disabilities, which render him poor and prevent his rising, without clearly understanding what the cause may be, or wherein consists the cure of such condition. He has been so long led by others, that he fears the very attempt to walk alone. The narrow circle in which he has moved all his life has cramped his ideas. He has so long associated hard labor with slaves and bondage, that he fails to comprehend how it *can* dignify a man and exalt his condition. Wretchedly poor though he be, he has come to look upon the slave class as specially fitted and meant for severe toils, which a white freeman would be degraded by performing. But the war is fast displacing these senseless ideas by a higher and better class of perceptions.

Tennessee is admirably adapted to free labor. Large portions of the State are the finest and most fertile to be found in the country. With the exception of cotton, the great agricultural staples of the Middle and Western States are those yielded by her soil, and yielded abundantly. Beach, maple, oak, hickory and ash form the noble woodland here as there—while iron, copper and coal are inviting enterprise to explore their hidden treasures. Of the article of bituminous coal, the yield for the year ending with June 1860, was 3,474,100 bushels. The numerous streams which flow among her hills and through her valleys offer unlimited facilities for manufactures. The climate, too, is delightful, and in point of healthfulness not surpassed, certainly, by that of any State in the Union. While her unimproved lands, amounting in 1860 to nearly thirteen million and a half of acres, two thirds of her whole area, show what benefits the State has in store for the enterprise, industry and thrift, that shall turn these wildernesses into fruitful fields.

What is needed to make all this prospective wealth and prosperity available, as New York, Ohio, Illinois, with no greater natural advantages, have made their resources available? Manifestly the cessation of compulsory labor for the benefit of a small class—of the lifting of labor from its degrading associations, and investing it with the real dignity that belongs to it—the throwing open its avenues to free competition, that the masses may enter, sure to find the substantial rewards of industry. To effect this, the light of course must enter—light to explode corrupt ideas of the past, and implant the just and the true in their stead. And this light has not only come, but is very evidently shining more and more here at this time.

The Union Club of Nashville, numbering at present not less than 800 members, all citizens of Tennessee, put forth in its "Declaration of Principles," adopted in April last, this significant utterance:

"We do most solemnly affirm, as the result of our life-long acquaintance, and of our intimate familiarity with all its workings, that the institution of slavery tends to *dishonor labor and smother enterprise,* is incompatible with an intelligent public policy, sound morality, the safety and permanency of the Republic, the development of the resources of the State; that it roots out the industrious, and has the effect of lessening the tree population of the country.

"We therefore hold it to be the true interest of the people of this Commonwealth to abolish the institution of slavery at the earliest practicable period within which the emancipation of slaves can be effected with safety to the slaves and justice to loyal masters."

The Union League of this city, with a membership not less numerous than the Club, though not composed wholly of citizens of the State, speaks a similar language and with scarcely less emphasis. What this points to it is easy to see. Tennessee will never be what she once was. A brighter period is opening before her. It is as certain as any future event can be, but the day is near at hand when her 275,000 slaves will be at liberty to diffuse themselves over her fertile acres, enriching them and winning their own livelihood by compensated labor. She will range herself among the great and prosperous free States. She will partake the speed of their successful career. The seed of freedom and of enlightened principles she is now painfully sowing, will spring up into a luxuriant harvest. And her strength, honor, and prosperity, like those of her happy sister States, will be described in the far-off future, by the words in Smollet's Ode—

"Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous flocks and herds be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard."

C. V. S.

AN IMPORTANT SPEECH BY GOV. JOHNSON.

From The Nashville Union, Aug. 31.

In the course of his remarks to the large impromptu outpouring of the loyal citizens which assembled on Saturday night at the Capitol, to rejoice over the fall of Sumter, Gov. Johnson said that the heart of the masses of the people beat strongly for freedom; that the system of negro slavery had proved baleful to the nation by arraying itself against the institutions and interests of the people, and the time had clearly come when means should be devised for its total eradication from Tennessee. Slavery was a cancer on our society, and the scalpel of the statesman should be used not simply to pare away the exterior and leave the roots to propagate the disease anew, but to remove it altogether. *Let us destroy the cause of our domestic dissensions and this bloody civil war. It is neither wise nor just to compromise with an evil so gigantic. He avowed himself unequivocally for the removal of slavery; the sooner it can be effected the better.* Some inconveniences might, most likely would follow, temporarily, but these would be more than compensated by the grand impulse given to all our interests by the substitution of free for slave labor. *He was for immediate emancipation, if he could get it; if this could not be obtained, he was for gradual emancipation—but emancipation at all events.* He thought that the benefits of gradual emancipation were a good deal like the benefits conferred on the dog in the fable, whose tail was cut off an inch at a time by a humane surgeon, whose kindness of heart would not permit him to remove it at one stroke. He believed slavery was a curse, and he wanted to see it wiped out without delay. We would be stronger, richer, happier and more prosperous as soon as this was done.

He invoked the people to cast off the slavish fear which had hitherto sealed their lips on this question, and speak and act henceforth as freemen should. The slave aristocracy had long held its foot upon their necks, and exacted heavy tribute from them, even to robbing them of free speech. Let the era of freedom be henceforth proclaimed to the non-slaveholders of Tennessee!

The speech of the Governor, of which the above is of course a very imperfect sketch, was enthusiastically applauded from time to time, by the very large crowd assembled on the occasion.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISERS.

NOBODY in Washington knew beforehand what this letter was to contain. Many feared that the President would foreshadow a compromise. Insinuations were telegraphed to disloyal journals in this city that certain privileged eyes had peeped into the letter, and seen the word amnesty. But there are no privileged eyes, except his own, that peep into the President's portfolio. Not even the Cabinet knew the drift of this letter till the newspapers printed it for all the world. Mr. Lincoln writes his letters and addresses without the aid either of Cabinet Ministers or *Herald* reporters. And Mr. Lincoln administers the government much in the same way—at nobody's dictation but his own. He is not only the *head* of the government—he is the government. His Cabinet has a function, but not such a function as many former Cabinets have had, or as the British Ministry has always. In a bank or insurance company, a president and board of directors carry on the business, the directors having an authoritative vote. But Abraham Lincoln is a President without a board of directors. His ministers are clerks, not partners; they have influence but not authority. Properly speaking, there is no Cabinet at Washington. The "constitutional advisers" are honorable heads of Departments, wherein each is left to do his own work without interference by the master, who has confidence in his workmen—more confidence in some than we wish he possessed. This explains the history of the government's policy for the last two years. It has been *a history of the President's own mind.* A little debating society consisting of Mr. Lincoln and his secretaries, discussing public questions and by the major voice dictating a policy—this is not the method of the present Administration. The President listens to members of his Cabinet, and to everybody else who chooses to talk with him, and after hearing a good deal, and meditating a good deal, he comes to a conclusion; and that conclusion is the policy of the government.

The President, therefore, being a man whose mind travels toward new convictions slowly, has developed his policy slowly. But so far as he goes, he goes with great straightforwardness and no uncertainty. If this man has brought us slowly toward our safety, another might have carried us swiftly to our destruction. If in walking among rocks he has taken such pains to put his feet where they would not slip that sometimes he has stood still, yet every step, when once taken, has been toward higher ground. The man whose hand is now on the helm, while he is not forcing the ship into a quick passage, is piloting her into a safe one. The debt of gratitude which this nation owes to Abraham Lincoln is thus every day becoming more and more apparent. The instincts of a great people are not deceived concerning a man whom they love. Abraham Lincoln is a man beloved of the people. They know him for an honest man, and they put their trust in him. He is to-day the most popular citizen of the United States, and if a Presidential nomination were to be made to-morrow—though our first choice might be another man—yet the likeliest candidate to carry off the honor of the nomination would be Abraham Lincoln.

A journey to Washington has quickened our faith in the government. Unlike a year ago, the atmosphere of that city now braces hope and courage. Men now going there can come away bringing with them an augmented confidence in the great resources of the government, and in the fidelity with which these are applied to the uses of the war. All the blunders, all the tardiness, all the red-tape, cannot quench the great fact that the government has set its heart and soul upon putting down the rebellion; and that the rebellion will be put down. One cannot talk an hour with the President without feeling that whoever else may doubt the issue of the war, Abraham Lincoln doubts not at all. Not naturally a sanguine man, he yet believes that he is now shutting his hand upon the prize of victory. When sober-minded men feel enthusiasm, and slow-going men think that the end is near, and over-cautious men like Mr. Lincoln feel confident not only of to-day but of to-morrow, let the country at large be doubly confident that the crown of triumph is near within reach, and that the President's hand will pluck it.

The President seeks peace. But the peace which he means to establish is not what the Peace party asks. He seeks something better and nobler—a settlement at which honester men than these clamorers shall not be ashamed—a record which shall not be registered in blots on our page of history. He aims at a peace that shall make this Republic the chief among the powers of the earth; a peace founded on that righteousness which exalteth a nation; a peace that shall first vindicate the great American idea of human liberty and the dignity of man, and afterward shall rest upon the land like a blessing of heaven.—*Independent.*

STEAM RAMS FOR THE REBELS.

The Daily News of the 26th publishes the following memorial, which was sent from the Committee of the Emancipation Society to Earl Russell on the 25th, and *The Daily News* editorially calls upon the government for prompt interference in the matter:

To the Rt. Hon. Earl RUSSELL, *etc., etc.:*

The Memorial of the Executive Committee of the Emancipation Society humbly showeth:

That your memorialists desire to call your lordship's attention to a subject of very grave and pressing importance. Your memorialists have learned that certain persons, regardless of the proceedings already taken by her Majesty's government to stop such practices, have equipped vessels of a very formidable kind which are about to sail from England to make war upon a nation with which this country is at peace, and a people very nearly allied to us by ties of friendship and commerce. In particular, your memorialists are informed, and earnestly call upon your lordship to make immediate investigation into the fact, that two powerful iron-plated steam rams which for some time have been in preparation in the Mersey by the builders of the Alabama, are now almost ready for sea; that the vessels are equipped and armed with steel prows and turrets, and are intended for the purpose of committing hostilities against the government and people of the United States of America. One, it is believed, will sail on or about the 27th of this present month of August, and it is to be received by the Confederate war vessel "Florida," now hovering off the British coast for the purpose. Another iron-plated war vessel, destined for the same service, is approaching completion in the Clyde. In view of what her Majesty's government has already done in the case of the suspected gunboat "Alexandra," and of a statement by your lordship that you believed the Foreign Enlistment Act sufficient to stop these dangerous practices, your memorialists cannot doubt that the law will be enforced against the persons and vessels concerned, in a spirit of loyalty and good faith to an allied nation struggling for constitutional freedom and emancipation against a rebellion of slaveholders.

May it, therefore, please your lordship to order prompt investigation into the circumstances above detailed, and if necessary for this purpose, to stop, in the meantime, the departure of the war vessel which is ready to sail, and to apply the law with vigor to prevent hostile acts against a friendly power contending for human freedom.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

W. EVANS, Chairman.
P. A. TAYLOR, W. T. MALLESON, } Joint Treas.
F. W. CHESSSON, Hon. Secretary.

SHORTER CATECHISM OF NEGRO EQUALITY.

WHO said that all men are created equal? Thomas Jefferson, the Father of Democracy.

Who gave the negroes the right of suffrage in New York? The Democratic party.

Who presided over the Convention which gave this privilege to negroes? Martin Van Buren, a Democrat.

Who afterwards elected Martin Van Buren to the Presidency of the U. S.? The Democratic party.

Who married a negro woman, and by her had mulatto children? Richard. M. Johnson, a good Democrat.

Who elected Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President of the United States? The Democratic party.

If President Van Buren had died, and Richard M. Johnson had become President, who would have become the Democratic mistress of the White House? The same negro woman.

Who made the negro a citizen of the State of Maine? The Democratic party.

Who enacted a similar law in Massachusetts? The Democratic party.

Who gave the negro a right to vote in New Hampshire? The Democratic party.

Who permitted every colored person owning $250 in New York to become a voter? A General Assembly purely Democratic.

Who repealed the laws of Ohio, which required negroes to give bonds and security before settling in that State? The Democratic party.

Who made mulattoes legal voters in Ohio? A Democratic Supreme Court, of which Reuben Wood was Chief Justice.

What became of Reuben Wood? The Democratic party elected him Governor three times, and he is still a leader of the Democratic party.

Who helped to give free negroes the right to vote in Tennessee, under her Constitution of 1795? Gen. Jackson.

Was Gen. Jackson a good Democrat? He generally passed as such.

Who with the above facts, and many others, staring them in the face, are continually whining about negro suffrage and negro equality? The Democratic party.

All these things were done by Democrats, and yet they deny being in favor of negro equality, and charge it upon the Republicans—just like the thief who cries stop thief the loudest.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

UNIONISM IN MISSISSIPPI.

Vicksburg, Aug. 14.—All the prominent citizens are of the same way of thinking, and sincerely anxious to get back in the Union, and are eagerly considering the different schems for attaining that object. Ex-Governor Brown, of Mississippi, has taken the oath of allegiance. Judge Sharkie has done the same, and so has Judge Sebastian of Helena, Arkansas. Judge Sharkie puts the case very ingeniously. He says: "Jeff. Davis told us last fall that Vicksburg and Port Hudson should be saved at all hazards; that the fate of the Confederacy depended on them, and that if they were taken, the Confederacy, being cut in two in the middle, must inevitably perish. Now, I take him at his word. Vicksburg and Port Hudson are taken, the Mississippi river is open, and unless Jeff. Davis is a liar, there is no hope for the Confederacy." Mr. Davis will find it rather hard to get over that. There is to be a meeting somewhere near the borders of Tennessee and Mississippi of leading men of the South, to take their present condition under consideration and devise the best means for making application to the Federal government for protection against the Confederacy. It is a difficult matter to decide upon. Whatever is done must be done through the instrumentality of the State organization, and some sort of an election must be held by the people as a preliminary. How this can be done when we occupy so small a portion of the repentant territory, is not easy to be seen.

It must not be forgotten, however, that these representations and advances have been made exclusively by the wealthy planters, whose property is in jeopardy, and who, though poor now, will become poorer still if the war continues. They are joined to their idols, and, as the Richmond *Enquirer* says, "their patriotism has become corrupted by their love of cotton." I doubt very much if they now represent, or ever did, the blind, bigoted hatred of the Yankees, which pervades the lower classes, and which has increased since the rebellion to what may almost be termed madness. Most of this *canaille* is to be seen in the army, but some portion of it remains in the State, and some of it will return. It remains to be seen whether it will be controlled by the leading citizens.

So far, however, as the Western soldiers of the rebel army are concerned, this element is not of much importance. They feel very thoroughly whipped. Hundreds of prisoners taken have begged to be sent North and allowed to take the oath, and hundreds more desired to enlist in our army. Out of 24,000 that marched out of Vicksburg, paroled prisoners of war, but *four thousand* were left in one body when they had reached a point seventy miles distant. This was stated to Gen. Grant by a rebel officer who returned on business. They escaped everywhere. Several hundreds struck for the North as soon as they got to Haines's Bluff, and crossed the Yazoo and the Mississippi on their way home. The story of prisoners being taken by Sherman with Vicksburg paroles in their pockets is entirely false. Gen. Grant feels perfectly confident that none of these soldiers will ever, by the connivance of their officers, be used in the rebel army until regularly exchanged.

Natchez, Aug. 16.—Those hereabouts who still hold to the fallacy of secession are in a state of perfect despair. They know not which way to turn. They see that they must lose their slaves if they stay here, but they do not know where they will be safe. Quite a number of slaves have been run into Texas. They will be of little use there. An unconverted secessionist was complaining bitterly the other day to Judge Sharkie, and said that he thought he would have to go to Georgia. "What is the use of going there?" said the Judge. "Grant is going there too. He told me so." "Did he really?" "Yes." "Well, then, you may bet your life he will go. For where these d—d Yankees say they are going to do anything they are certain to do it." Gen. Grant tells them all they had better stay here, that he is going to Georgia and Alabama; he is only waiting for the weather to get a little cooler, and then he shall go right along. The best of it is they all believe him, and I presume the most of them will stay at home, make the best they can of it, and get converted to the old faith.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Vicksburg, Aug. 27.—There is really getting to be a peace pressure in this Department. From all quarters there comes up a cry for release from the horrors of war. Mississippians especially have discarded all the last ditch, last man and last dollar theories, and are now willing to submit to Federal laws, military and civil, on any terms that may be dictated. They do not even ask to retain their negroes. All they would stipulate for is life and peace. The day for willing sacrifices of life and homes with them is over, and many of those who were formerly most blatant are now as abject in their offers to return to the protection of the old flag as could be desired. They have been thrashed into this frame of mind; and I submit the question if this is not to be the result of the war everywhere. Would it not be a good idea for the peace advocates at home—the Fernando Woods and Vallandighams—to send their peace embassies into this Department to inquire after the terms upon which reconstruction may be effected. They have heretofore communicated mainly with Richmond, and have only met with rebukes and contumely in that quarter. Here the rebels are more complaisant, and will promise anything to friend or foe, only provided they are permitted to keep breath in their chivalric bodies.—*Tribune.*

EMANCIPATION IN MARYLAND.

From The Cumberland Civilian and Telegraph.

EMANCIPATION.

EARLY in the Summer we informed our readers that one of the most important subjects that would claim their attention during the Fall campaign would be that of emancipation. It is now made manifest. The nomination of the Hon. H. H. Goldsborough and Wm. L. W. Seabrook by the Union League Convention is based upon the subject of emancipation and the call of a State Convention, to both of which measures we give our hearty and unequivocal support. We do this because we believe the material interests of Maryland will be greatly advanced by their success. We are aware that some who claim to be devotedly attached to the preservation of the government, and are anxious for the speedy and complete suppression of the rebellion, are opposed to the discussion at this time of what they are pleased to term side issues, and especially to the subject of emancipation; claiming, as they do, that the war has completely doomed slavery in Maryland, at least, if it has not in the entire slaveholding States; and that, therefore, as the agitation of emancipation in the State would have a tendency to destroy the harmony and break up the unity of the Union party, it should not be insisted upon at this time.

Granting to these gentlemen all honesty for their views, we must beg leave to differ from them in toto. The view of those who desire to rid Maryland of slavery by proper constitutional and loyal enactments is that loyal men—slaveholders who, in view of the certain destruction of this interest by the war inaugurated by the traitors, have stood up unflinchingly for their country—should not lose all they possess of slave property, but should be to a certain extent indemnified for the loss to which the rebels had subjected them by the depreciation, and, perhaps, entire loss, of all they possess of the description of property referred to. It there is nothing done—no legal measure adopted by which their slaves can be manumitted, and they indemnified, and the same spirit of stampeding is carried on that is now in progress, by the time the war is over, slavery may indeed cease to exist in the State, and loyal slaveholders will be in the same category with the dislo

rapidly assuming the same form as the exception, and I will show you by one instance only in what manner. A planter, one of those who was party to the agreement, and who in ordinary times was able to raise a crop of at least seven hundred hogsheads of sugar, gives me the information. I will not for the present mention his name, but merely tell his story He informs me that when the agreement was signed, by which he was bound to allow his slaves so much in payment for their labor, he considered himself safe from further molestation; but knowing in how great a measure the negroes had become demoralized, he determined to plant less than usual, fearing that by attempting too much he might lose all. Consequently he planted but little over one half his usual crop. Everything with him went on finely; his crop looked well and gave every promise of at least four hundred hogsheads. His negroes were satisfied, and worked willingly, better even than he imagined. Yet within a month past, under the press-gang system, every working negro he had has been forcibly carried off and compelled to enter the army, leaving him only the aged and infirm to support, without being able to receive any benefit from them. The result is, that not being able to employ labor, the entire crop will be lost to him after all his trouble and expense, and after signing an agreement that he considered at the time binding upon both parties. This is but one instance, and, without making any comment, I leave it to the consideration of the Northern people, merely asking them what they would do and how they would feel under similar circumstances. I have been asked the question by another gentleman, similarly situated, as to what the people of Louisiana may expect. He said: "Is it the intention of the government to rob us of all we possess and then drive us from the country?" My reply was simply, "Who knows?" I could say nothing more; for I must confess myself "not posted." To attempt a record of all the cases brought to one's notice regarding matters of this kind would more than employ the time of half a dozen men. They are of almost hourly occurrence, and, in the majority of instances, come well supported by evidence of the most conclusive character. It is almost the height of folly, however, to say more upon this subject. It can have no influence; for the government appears determined to support everybody who aids, no matter by what means, in freeing the negro and placing him upon an equality with the white man.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

PHILADELPHIA NOTICE.

For the sake of a more prompt delivery, and as a matter of general convenience, Philadelphia subscribers will—on and after the first week in October—be served with THE STANDARD by mail, instead of by carrier as heretofore. If in the meantime any should have directions to give in regard to their address, they will please send them to the Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia.

OHIO AND VALLANDIGHAM.

WE shall soon have to divide our attention and our interest between the fields of war and the fields of peace—between the victories won by bullets and those gained by ballots. Victories of Peace may not be more renowned than those of War—although we have Milton's word for it—but they are often more important and decisive. Indeed, the one may be entirely thrown away without the other. The elections to be held during the two next months will be full of historic interest. They will be regarded as the verdict of the Nation on the Emancipation policy of the President—as the recording of judgment by the people on that most vital measure. It is very possible that other interests and passions may come in and give a direction and a color to the elections which may not represent the real state of the popular mind. But they will be taken and considered as doing this—especially if they should seem to look in the direction of reconstruction or reconciliation upon a basis of the continuance of slavery. This will be the gloss given to any Copperhead success, not only by the rebels and their allies on this side the ocean, but by their more important auxiliaries on the other. It would discourage the hopes of the loyal, and comfort the hearts and strengthen the hands of the traitors and their friends, everywhere. It would dim the shine of the sword and make the flag droop on the staff, if not trail in the dust. The victories of the armies can be of little avail if they are not followed up and supported by help from the hustings. Though we cannot doubt that this reënforcement and assistance will be had, yet we know that it will not come of itself. Victories at the polls no more organize themselves than those in the field. Battles are not won at home any more than abroad, without fighting, and hard fighting, with abundant preparation. The war has lasted more than two years. The policy of Emancipation has been adopted as a measure of military necessity. It has aroused the venom of all the domestic rebels, whose hearts have been all along with those at the South. The two hostile Ideas are now fairly encountering each other everywhere. In the field, that of Freedom is victorious. Wherever our armies go, even against the will of generals, officers and men, slavery has virtually been abolished. At home, slavery is making its last rally under the lead of the Seymours, Vallandigham, Pierce, and their like, in the hope of saving its life through their craftiness, when the strategy of its immediate champions has failed to give it safety. We may hope, indeed, that even success would not succeed to this extent; but it must be with a hope that should tremble at the bare possibility and shrink from no effort to make itself sure and steadfast.

But of all the elections, everywhere, which are to pass upon the action of the government in the management of the war, and especially upon its Emancipation measure, that of the State of Ohio is the most important, and will be regarded, by friend and foe, as the most conclusive. There the battle is formally and openly joined. The fight there is as distinctly between loyalty and treason as it is in South Carolina. The name of Jefferson Davis does not stand more unmistakably for treason than does that of Vallandigham. He was selected as the candidate of the Democracy—as the Copperhead traitors impudently call themselves—for no reason excepting that he had been tried, convicted and banished for his sympathy with the rebels and his activity in their behalf. He was deliberately chosen as a Representative Man, who incarnated the idea of pro-slavery submissionism, of ending the war by a surrender to our enemies, leaving them as strong as before the war, and stronger if possible. The slaveholders never had a more blatant, supple, unscrupulous and active tool than he, during their days of dominion and since their eclipse. It is discreditable to the last Congress that he was not expelled from the House for his treasonable words spoken in his place. It is honorable to the District he misrepresented that it rejected him when he applied for a seat in the next Congress. We may, perhaps, draw a favorable augury from that result as to the issue of the imminent election. But too much confidence must not be reposed upon that circumstance. The public to which he now appeals is one vastly larger, and involves an infinitely greater variety of interests and passions. Besides, the Copperhead demonstration has developed itself greatly, and made whatever headway it has done, since last Autumn. Doubly and trebly, yea, a hundred-fold, more disgraceful would be his success, even in his old District, now than then. How much more, then, his triumph in the whole of the great State of Ohio, at this late day of the rebellion? It is a disgrace and a calamity which we trust is to be spared the State and the Nation. Its consequences would extend far and wide beyond the limits of Ohio, and may possibly have a long enduring effect upon our history, our prosperity and our honor.

But in order to avert this calamity and all the evil consequences which must follow in its train, there is work, and much work, to be done. That the enemy are busy in their vocation of mischief we know well enough. If they do not succeed it will not be from any neglect of the means of success. A lesson should be taken out of their book, and the teaching which it is lawful to receive from an enemy be wisely accepted. Shall the children of this world be forever wiser in their generation than the children of light? We trust not, though the history of the country is not very full of encouragement in this particular. The energies of every loyal man in Ohio, of every former name and nature, should be given to this work, while it is yet day. They cannot employ themselves more effectually for the suppression of the rebellion, and the establishment of the supremacy and territorial unity of the Nation, than in making the defeat of Vallandigham an utter and hopeless rout, from which there can be no recovery. Every vote given against him is a blow aimed at Jefferson Davis; every one cast in his favor is meant, and will be accounted, as one thrown for the arch-rebel. It will be so reckoned in Richmond, in London and in Paris. He should not merely be beaten—he should be politically annihilated, ground to powder and given to the four winds, so that he can never be collected together again into a candidate. And by him we mean the Copperhead party of which he is the embodied symbol. Individually, he is of small importance, perhaps; but as the color-bearer of treason in the West, he rises into gigantic proportions. We trust that every loyal man in Ohio, every hater of slavery, every friend of the interests of his State and the Nation, will not be found wanting at this cardinal moment. And this is not the business of Ohio, only. It comes home to us all everywhere. We do not know what the Loyal Leagues lately instituted are doing, but we know what they ought to be doing, and that diligently and continually. They should be deluging the whole State of Ohio with tracts and documents, and rousing "every log-house beyond the mountains," as well as every great town and city, by the voice of the living speaker. The agitation of the great interests and the vital issues involved in this election should never be suffered to abate or grow cold. Money and labor could hardly be better spent for the next few weeks than in fighting and winning this Victory of Peace. The result of that stricken field may simplify or complicate greatly the impending solution of our enigma. We trust that no anti-slavery man will be slack or slothful in this day of duty.

We do not think that we exaggerate the importance of the Ohio election. Those of Pennsylvania, and Maine, and New York, and all other States, are of great moment. But nowhere has the issue been so deliberately made up as in Ohio. Nowhere else has a candidate been so impudently picked out because of his traitorous predilections, and because there could be no denying or disguising the meaning of his success. And the nearer the substantial victories of the Nation over the Rebellion bring us to its extinction, the more essential is it that there should be no mistake as to the way in which the people intend that it shall be concluded. The people must not have the fruits of their victories filched from them by the politicians. We believe that the Ohio troops are to be allowed their suffrage in this election, and we have no fear as to the sense it will express. They have not been exposing their lives to the *malaria* of swamps and the bayonets of the rebels for the purpose of putting Jeff. Davis's foot upon their necks in the person of his servant Vallandigham. The importance of the emphatic expression of approval of the President's Proclamation, at this time, when the rebels' arms have all but failed, lies in the evident purpose their friends now entertain of supplementing that failure by what the Democrats used to denounce as "Judge-made Law." Gov. Seymour accepts Mr. Lincoln's alternative, that if the Proclamation were not legal it needs no recall, and joins issue with him on that point. The Supreme Court is the last hope of Slavery and its minions. Its past history does not make their hope an absurd one. It has always reflected the opinion of the governing class in its constitutional law. If the opinion of the governing class should appear to have changed, may we not believe that the authentic oracles may utter new responses, when applied to under new conditions? At any rate, a strong expression of approval of the policy of Emancipation at the polls, in Ohio and everywhere else, will make military and civil aspirants after office feel that Anti-Slavery, and not Pro-Slavery, is now the path that is to lead to that paradise. And thus the whole question may be happily disposed of before the Supreme Court can get a chance at it. But, in every point of view, the duty lying nearest to every loyal man in Ohio is to see to it that the enemy is to have no comfort or encouragement through his supineness or negligence. And if this truth be but brought home to them all, we have small fear as to the result.

MR. SUMNER ON OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

To all our readers, except those residing in this city, we send this week, in the form of an Extra, the masterly Speech of Hon. CHARLES SUMNER on our Foreign Relations, delivered at the Cooper Institute on Thursday evening, Sept. 10. It is rather a treatise than a speech or lecture, to be delivered to an audience at a single sitting; indeed, though Mr. Sumner spoke or read more than two and a half hours, he probably did not get much more than half through. While we think he erred in judgment in not carefully compressing the speech—for the purpose of delivery, not for print—within the space of an hour and a half at the utmost, we must at the same time acknowledge that the great majority of the audience listened to him with apparently unflagging interest till almost 11 o'clock; and they probably would have done so till midnight if he had chosen to detain them so long. Regarding it as a treatise, or even as a speech for delivery in the Senate, where the speaker, if the exigencies of his argument require him so to do, may with propriety occupy the floor for two or three successive days, there is not a single paragraph that we would spare; and we are glad of the opportunity of laying before our readers a view of our Foreign Relations so comprehensive in outline, so masterly in argument, and so pervaded by statesmanlike wisdom and eloquence. It is a document to be carefully read and treasured by every thoughtful man as of permanent and historic value, applying as it does, with judicial fairness, the established principles of international law to the conduct of England and France toward the American government and people since the commencement of the Slaveholders' Rebellion. It cannot fail to exert a wholesome influence on both sides of the Atlantic.

We are glad to hear that an edition of this speech is preparing for transmission to Europe. In typography and mechanical getting up it will compare favorably with any similar publication ever sent from America. Other editions will be issued for gratuitous distribution and for sale in a few days. The stereotype plates are under the control of the Young Men's Republican Union, by whose invitation the speech was delivered.

REBEL PREACHING.—The Rev. Dr. Stiles, formerly of New Haven, an orthodox preacher much lauded by the New York *Observer*, *The Journal of Commerce*, and other papers of that stripe, and who scampered off to the South soon after the rebellion broke out, preached a sermon in Richmond on Davis's fast day, in which he thundered away in this absurd style:

"Why, let the North march out her million of men on the left, and array upon the right all the veteran troops of England, France, Russia, and Austria; and bring up the very gates of hell in all their strength to compose the centre of her grand invading army. What then? Why, everything in God and from God assures us that these Confederate States would hear a voice from heaven: 'The battle is not yours, but mine. Stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord.' If they dared to advance one step, a righteous and an angry God would fire off upon the aliens terrible thunders that angel ears never heard, and shoot out upon them vengeful fires and lightnings that cherubic vision never saw, and fling down upon them cataracts of angry power that hell herself never felt, and if necessary to our deliverance, shake the very earth under their feet."

THE ELECTION IN MAINE has resulted in the success of the Union-Republican party by a majority of 15,000. The Legislature will be friendly to the Administration by a large majority in both branches. The recent victories over the rebels, and the President's Emancipation letter, have had a most disastrous effect upon the Copperheads,

ARE THE REBELS ARMING THEIR SLAVES?

THE report that the rebels had concluded to arm their slaves has not been confirmed. The Richmond *Whig* of Aug. 24, says:

"A Southern paper, some weeks ago, threw out a suggestion that the Confederacy should arm some five or six hundred thousand negroes, and precipitate them upon the Yankees. The suggestion was doubtless intended to frighten the Yankees; but it has imposed upon a few of our own people. *The proposition is too preposterous for serious discussion. It is enough to say it would be exchanging a profitable laborer for a very unprofitable soldier.* Let the Yankees have negro armies. Nothing but their cowardice could have betrayed them into such a folly. They use the poor creatures as breastworks, but thus far with very little advantage.

"The Southern people are willing to employ their slaves in any way that would *tell* best against the enemy. *But it has yet to appear that they can do so in any manner so effective as in raising food for our armies.* Some may be occasionally used in ditching and throwing up breastworks, and it is possible a limited number might be advantageously substituted for teamsters; though, in respect to the last, there may be doubts. In the main, no doubt, the most useful function compatible with their capacities is that to which they are accustomed—food raising."

From the Savannah *News* of the 2d inst., we copy as follows:

"A joint committee of the Alabama Legislature, just adjourned, reported a resolution *in favor of the proposition to employ slaves in the military service of the Confederate States, which proposition, we perceive, is favored by many of the presses of Mississippi and Alabama.* After discussion in the Alabama House the resolution was adopted by a vote of sixty-eight yeas to twelve nays, after striking out the words 'military' before service, and 'soldiers' at the end of the resolution. The resolution was amended and reads as follows:

"That it is the duty of Congress to provide by law for the employment in the service of the Confederate States of America, in such situations and in such numbers as may be found absolutely necessary, the able-bodied slaves of the country, whether as pioneers, sappers and miners, cooks, nurses and teamsters.

"In this form we can see no objection to the resolution."

A correspondent of the Memphis-Atlanta *Appeal*, writing from Bragg's army, says:

"Notwithstanding the critical objections of the press to the thought of employing our slaves as soldiers, I see no reason to withdraw my opinions expressed in the letter of Tuesday, with the conditions attached. *Obsta principiis* is, ordinarily, applicable only to times of peace. I am willing to employ any means supplied by 'God and nature' to avert the alternative of slavery, even, if need be, the imitation of the old Roman self-martyrdom of falling upon our own swords."

A Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*—the same probably who lately announced that the rebel government had definitively determined upon the measure referred to—writing under date of Monday last, says:

"The military operations of the last fortnight have not been favorable to the promulgation of the national measure, which was to declare the arming and emancipation of 400,000 blacks, and incorporate them in the ranks of the rebel army. It seems that the government is not yet quite ready to handle this delicate question. I prefer to leave it to the States which are supporting its views, and helping it in the realization of the plan. For instance, the Alabama Legislature has recently passed a resolution—68 against 12—for the enlistment of the slaves in the army, and it is expected that the State of Mississippi, in which that question is discussed by the local papers, will do the same. Beauregard at Charleston, and Lee in Virginia, are receiving and arming all the blacks offered to them by the misguided patriotism of some planters, and when such patriotism is lukewarm, impressment is applied to the unfortunate race with a readiness not always free from violence.

"You will see by these facts, which are of public notoriety, that if the arming of negroes has not yet assumed the shape of a national measure, it is practically carried out in several States without any protest, and as an inevitable necessity. In this way public opinion is becoming gradually accustomed to a change in the social position of the blacks, and is paving the way for one still greater."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S RESPONSE TO THE MANCHESTER ADDRESS.

THE following letter from Mr. Seward, which we copy from the English journals, needs no explanation:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, July 25, 1863.

SIR: I have had the honor to receive from the Rev. Dr. Massie and the Rev. Dr. Rylance your address in the name of a large public meeting which was recently held at Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, to the President of the United States, together with papers which constitute the accompaniments of that communication. These papers have been submitted to the President of the United States, and I am charged by him to inform you that he has read them with the most lively satisfaction, and with a profound sense of the obligation which the reverend religious pastors in France and the reverend religious pastors in great Britain have laid upon the world by their correspondence with each other, and their common address to the Christian ministers and pastors throughout the United States. The proceedings of the meeting at Free Trade Hall, and its address to the President, touchingly and admirably harmonize with the sentiments which pervade the correspondence before mentioned.

The parties in these proceedings will readily understand that the attempted revolution in the United States sensibly affects this government, and American society itself, in many ways which it has not fallen within the province of those parties to examine. While the interests thus naturally, and not improperly, overlooked in Europe furnish the strongest possible motives to the people of the United States for suppressing the insurrection and maintaining the constitutional government received at the hands of their fathers, the President readily accepts and avows, as an additional and irresistible motive, the suggestion made by the friends of our country in Europe, that the success of the insurrection would result in the establishment, for the first time in the history of the human race, of a State based upon the exclusive foundation of African slavery.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your very obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, Esq., Manchester, England.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for September contains nine articles, not one of them dull, while several are of more than average importance and excellence. The titles are as follows: Tertullian and Montanism; The Reality of Fiction; Rome in the Middle Age; Zschokke's Religious Meditations; Henry James on Creation; Loyalty in the West; Altar, Pulpit and Platform; A Month of Victory, and its Results; Review of Current Literature.

From the article last named—the Review of Current Literature—we take this very candid and appreciative notice of Phillips's Speeches, etc.:

"We hope soon to notice more at length the handsome volume containing the speeches and writings of Mr. Wendell Phillips, together with that remarkable movement in the public mind of which they are perhaps the finest representative. As literature, they are by general acknowledgment the very best examples we have in forensic oratory—in thought clear as crystal, keen and ready in wit, in style polished to the last perfection that belongs to compositions of this class. As historic documents, they are the living record of some of the most marked phases in public events and in the temper of the popular mind, for a period ranging over five and twenty years. But their interest in either regard is subordinate to their unique and peculiar value, as examples of the highest order of moral truth, and the intensest moral conviction, brought to bear, with courage perfectly unflinching, and absolute consistency of aim, upon the discussion of the most momentous, disputed and difficult questions at the bar of the general conscience. Nothing less than a consciousness of perfect fidelity to such an aim would excuse the tone of severity and the keenness of personal attack painfully frequent in these pages; or that temper approaching to bitterness and scorn, in which men and things are dealt with that vary at all from the strict line of right as conceived by Mr. Phillips. Personally, he is, as we know, in the highest degree courteous and magnanimous to a sincere opponent. And the asperity of tone that fills many of these "Cassandra-prophesyings" (as they are called), with the trying position into which it brings the utterer of them towards large portions of the community, we have regarded rather in the light of a sacrifice exacted by a certain scrupulous severity of conscience, than as the trick of a debater, or the morose habit of a self-appointed critic. When the personal acerbities and resentments shall have been softened down by time, we are sure that no record of this period of controversy will be reckoned more honorable or more highly prized."

PARSON BROWNLOW'S PAPER.—One of the effects of the expulsion of the rebels from East Tennessee will be the return to Knoxville of Parson Brownlow, and the revival of the newspaper in which he waged an exterminating war against secession until the rebels destroyed his press and sent him to prison. Anticipating the success of Burnside's campaign, he issued the following prospectus:

BROWNLOW'S KNOXVILLE WHIG, AND REBEL VENTILATOR!

I propose to publish a Weekly and Tri-Weekly journal, bearing the above title, at Knoxville, in East Tennessee; and the Weekly paper, made up from the contents of the Tri-Weeklies, I propose to send out to distant subscribers, for Two Dollars per annum, *invariably paid in advance.* Subscriptions and remittances will be forwarded to me at Cincinnati, from which point I expect to ship my paper and materials. I expect to issue the first number in October, as it was in that month, two years ago, my paper was crushed by the God-forsaken mob at Knoxville, called the *Confederate Authorities.* I will commence with this hell-born and hell-bound rebellion where the traitors forced me to leave off, and all who wish the paper would do well to begin with the first issue, as I intend that single paper shall be worth the subscription price to any Unconditional Union Man!

In the rule of my editorial conduct, I shall abjure that servility which destroys the independence of the Press, and cast from me that factious opposition which gives to *party* what is due to *country.* And whilst the name of my journal indicates in unmistakable terms its politics, I shall, as a faithful sentinel, forget Whigs, Democrats, Know-Nothings and Republicans, and remember only my GOVERNMENT and the preservation of the FEDERAL UNION—as richly worth all the sacrifices of blood and treasure their preservation may cost—even to the *extermination* of the present race of men, and the consumption of all the means of the present age. W. G. BROWNLOW.

September 7, 1863.

Mr. Brownlow, it will be seen, does not distinctly allude to the slavery question; but we shall be disappointed if he does not coöperate heartily with Gov. Johnson and other patriotic citizens in their efforts to make Tennessee a free State.

DEATH RATHER THAN SUBMISSION.

THE following letter from Robert Toombs expresses, no doubt, the sentiments of the active leaders of the rebellion; but the very fact that he found it necessary to write such a letter in self-vindication is sufficient to show that there *are* men at the South who are not so much opposed to returning to the Union:

WASHINGTON, Ga., Aug. 7, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 15th inst., asking my authority to contradict the report that "I am in favor of reconstruction," was received this evening. I can conceive of no extremity to which my country could be reduced in which I would for a single moment entertain any proposition for any union with the North on any terms whatever. When all else is lost, I prefer to unite with the thousands of our countrymen who have found honorable deaths, if not graves, on the battle-field. Use this letter as you please.

Very truly your friend, etc., R. TOOMBS.

Dr. A. BEES, Americus, Ga.

Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia, another conspicuous champion of secession, lately addressed a letter to a friend, in which he says:

"From the ruthless spirit in which this war has been waged by our adversaries; from the specimens we have had of their infamous proconsular governments in parts of our territory occupied by them; from the appeals they are now making to the vindictive and brutal passions of an uncivilized race as their allies in this unholy crusade against us, it is impossible for the imagination to picture a fate more horrible than ours would be, if we were once subjected to their power. I know no language which, in that case, could adequately paint the depth of our degradation and the extremity of our wretchedness, unless it be those burning lines of an English poet, in which he gave vent to his feelings of horror and indignation, when deprecating the iron rule of a vulgar and hypocritical tyranny in his own land:

"'Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the sea;
Come rather pestilence and reap us down;
Come God's sword, rather than our own.
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane.
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before.'"

While the leaders of the Southern insurgents are thus proclaiming their purpose never to consent to a restoration of the Union, but to fight on to the bitter end, their sympathizers at the North are clamoring for an armistice, upon the pretence that the Union may be restored by a compromise. Of course the real object of the Copperheads is to delay, harass and cripple the Northern armies, and to gain time for the rebels to recover from the effects of the staggering blows they have lately received.

PICTURES OF SLAVERY AS IT IS.

GALLATIN, Tenn., Sept. 6, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YOU have been apprised that the Provost Office at this place had been crowded, for more than two weeks, by the citizens of Wilson and Sumner Counties, coming in to take the oath of allegiance and to give bonds. Many of these oaths are but mockeries, or rather the blackest perjuries, for the men don't intend in good faith to fulfil their renewed obligations to support the government, but swear only for the purpose of saving their property, and especially their slave property, and securing the aid of the Federal officers to help them catch their runaway negroes, which I regret to say too many of them are willing to render, "with alacrity and delight."

It seems as if all the pro-slavery officers in the regiment were purposely selected for important posts, in order that the grave interests of the policy of the government might be committed into their hands. Here we have one in the Provost Marshal's office who has been imprisoned in Nashville by Gen. Rosecrans for disloyalty. Now he is entrusted with the issuing of passes and the administration of the policy of the government on the slavery question, which in these border States must, from its peculiar and perplexing nature, be a very delicate duty. The other day a noble, heroic mother was thrown into jail here, in order to make her divulge where she had sent her little daughter, twelve years old, just budding into womanhood, and whom her rebel master was *very anxious* to retain. She lay on the brick pavement, without even a pallet of straw, for four nights and three days, they carrying her sick babe to her to be suckled. These human hounds wearing the United States uniform expected, through the yearnings of a mother "for the babe that milks her," to wring out of this heroic woman the place of concealment of her little girl, but they failed. Subsequently they entrapped her by inducing her to go to Bowling Green, Ky., to visit her sick mother. There they arrested her, and she is now lying in jail, awaiting her sale to pay her jail fees.

Another case: A rebel, just out of the army, came home and took the oath; his slave woman, knowing the brutal outrages she had suffered, determined to leave, and did so twice; the last time a squad of U. S. soldiers seized her, and she now lies in jail with her child until she shall be willing to return and live with her cruel, brutal master.

Still another and more damning case: Last Winter an active and intelligent mulatto man was employed in a grocery store here. He became acquainted with a very nice, tidy woman, with two children about his own color. The woman's husband was sold South at the beginning of the war, and until the last month was in the Southern army. This woman's husband was killed in the rebel service. She became acquainted with this free man, and they were married. He concluded that he and his wife and her little children would go up into the free North, where by industry and diligence he might make them comfortable, and especially get out of the way of the dying throes of this mighty slave system. But in going to a free country he had to pass through *Kentucky*, which State is to-day infinitely meaner and more degraded than South Carolina. She stands as a wall of fire around the whole rebel slave system, and acts as the slave-catcher not only for Tennessee, but for all the rebel States. The man was caught, tried and convicted on a charge of slave-stealing, and sent to the penitentiary for two years. His wife and children returned. Are we indeed a Christian nation—"*the light of the world*"? Is there any other nation on God's green earth where they would send a man to the penitentiary for *loving and trying to protect the chastity of his own wife and the liberty of his helpless children?* By the law of Congress this woman and her children are all free. Hell is not hot enough to burn up the rottenness of such a State.

J. H.

NEW BOOKS.—The Boston correspondent of *The Tribune* says: Messrs. Ticknor and Fields make some new announcements of books, some of which will be warmly welcomed. Among these is a volume of Thoreau's articles, many of which, I believe, are absolutely new to the public. It is entitled "Excursions in Field and Forest." Mr. Hawthorne's English sketches will appear this month under the title of "Our Old Home," and Dr. Holmes appears in October with "Soundings from the Atlantic," meaning, I suppose, *The Atlantic Monthly.* Gail Hamilton's "Gala Days" are to be grouped together in a volume; also Prof. Agassiz's "Methods of Study in Natural History," and Whittier's recent poems. Beecher, too, appears in a volume of discourses on topics connected with the times, entitled "Freedom and War." Jean Paul's "Levana" appears October 3, and a new edition of the "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces." On the 24th a German edition of the "Story of the Guard," and Zschokke's "Meditations on life and its Religious Duties" are also announced. In November, we are promised Arthur Hallam's Remains in prose and verse; Shakspeare's Sonnets, a new and beautiful edition; a book of Mrs. Child, entitled, "Looking Toward Sunset"; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and other poems, by Longfellow; A new volume by Browning; a new volume of Essays and Lectures by Emerson; "My days and Nights on the Battle-Field," a book for boys by Mr. C. C. Coffin (Carleton), the war correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, and "Household Friends," with eighteen portraits on steel, uniform in size and style with "Favorite Authors."

Mr. Redpath has in press the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, with some curious memorials never before translated from the French.

PERSONAL.

Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler is engaged to canvass the State of Pennsylvania for the Union ticket.

The next number of *The Atlantic Monthly* will contain an article from Mr. Sumner, entitled "Our Domestic Relations."

Dr. S. G. Howe, of the Freedman's Inquiry Commission, has gone to Canada, to investigate the condition and prospects of the fugitives from American slavery residing there.

Govs. Andrew of Massachusetts, and Morton of Indiana, had an interview with the President on Monday. Secretaries Chase, Seward and Stanton were present.

Gen. Fremont, it is stated, has succeeded in adjusting all the difficulties heretofore surrounding the Mariposa grant, and has settled all of his California business, which leaves him over a million and a half dollars worth of property.

There have been rumors during the past week that Gen. Hunter was about to take the place of Gen. Schofield as Commander of the Western Department, but they are as yet without confirmation.

Horace Greeley is understood to be preparing a History of the Rebellion, not so much in its military as in its moral and political phases. His qualifications for such a work are of a high order, and we shall await its completion with no common interest.

Mr. Charles F. Browne (Artemas Ward) will leave for California in a few days by the over-land route. He has contracted with Carleton, of New York, for a humorous book descriptive of the journey, to be published in the Fall.

D. W. Voorhees, member of Congress from Indiana, friend and champion of Vallandigham, was roughly treated by some soldiers on a train of cars last Saturday. They wanted to hang him, but the officers protected him; the soldiers, however, forced him to leave the train before he reached his destination.

Mr. Theodore Tilton of *The Independent*, having been drafted for the war, and being restrained by the peculiar condition of his family from going to the field in person, has provided a substitute in the person of an intelligent and able-bodied man, who has served two years as a Sergeant in the Prussian army.

Archbishop Purcell has left Cincinnati for the Army of the Cumberland, with a view of passing the lines and visiting Mobile, for the purpose of conferring with the Bishop of that diocese. Archbishop Purcell is understood to be a sincere friend of the Union and a hater of slavery.

Rev. H. P. Crozier, pastor of the Universalist Society in Huntington, L. I., has sent in a letter resigning the charge of that congregation after the 1st of November next, finding his duties in New York too pressing to allow him to do justice to dis duties there. He will not change his place of residence, but willl continue to reside in Huntington.

Rev. Charles G. Ames, late of Bloomington, Ill., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church in Albany, lately vacated by Rev. A. D. Mayo. We congratulate the friends of freedom in this State upon this important acquisition to their ranks. Mr. Ames is a very able and earnest man, who believes in applying the principles of Christianity to the men and the institutions of the present age.

Frederick Law Olmstead, author of *The Seaboard Slave States, Journey through the Back Country*, etc., for several years Superintendent of the Central Park in New York, and more recently Secretary of the Sanitary Commission, has gone to California as Manager for the Mining Company which has recently purchased the Mariposa estate from Gen. Fremont. His salary in this new position is to be $10,000.

Not long since, while the 3d Indiana cavalry were engaged in a skirmish, Major Clure seeing a hale looking old gentleman in a door by the roadside, halted and inquired: "Which way did the rebel cavalry go that passed here a moment since?" "Sir," was the reply, "I am under parole to the Confederate government to tell nothing I see. But, sir, my name is John Minor Botts, as devoted a Union man as the world can find. I put no 'ifs' or 'buts' in the case."

Jefferson Y. Toombs, the mulatto who recently challenged Senator Pugh of Ohio to test the truth of his boasts as to the fighting superiority of white Democrats over negroes by a personal contest, selecting his own weapons, is a son of Brig.-Gen. Robert Toombs—formerly U. S. Senator Toombs of Georgia—by a female slave. His paternity is distinguishedly honorable, but his color is unconstitutional. It is a matter seriously to be regretted, says the Dayton *Journal*, that Mr. Pugh should be quarreling with the son of his old friend.

Rev. A. A. Livermore, for more than six years past Editor of *The Christian Inquirer*, has spoken his "Farewell" to the readers of that excellent paper. He says his regret in leaving his post is somewhat alleviated by the prospect that this tie will not be wholly broken by his removal to Meadville, and that he shall still continue to contribute to the paper. The general editorship will rest for the present in the hands of the Unitarian clergymen of New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity.

A Turin letter of the 25th, in *The Siècle*, contains the following: "Garibaldi, after a year of suffering, is now entirely cured. The wound is cicatrized, and the foot, the articulation of which was thought to have been lost, has recovered its elasticity. The General was able to walk, a few days back, about twenty steps, without either crutches or stick. Dr. Albanese, who alone has attended Garibaldi during the last seven months, has left Caprera, his patient no longer requiring his services."

D. R. Anthony, Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 9th inst., while quietly engaged in his official duties, was rudely seized by order of Gen. Ewing and hurried off to his headquarters at Kansas City (Mo). Mr. Anthony is a Radical, and therefore exceedingly obnoxious to the Gamble-Conservative party. The immediate purpose of Gen. Ewing in his arrest does not distinctly appear; but whatever it was, the General speedily concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and let his prisoner go. The Radical sentiment in Kansas is too strong to be outraged with impunity.

Rev. William J. Potter, of the New Bedford Unitarian Society, who was recently drafted and whose eloquent sermon on "the Voice of the Draft," was printed, preached his farewell discourse last Sunday week. He stated that he answered the call of war for the sake of peace, and while he responded to the voice of the draft with hand, heart and soul, and desired no greater honor for himself than to go to the front of the rebellion as a private soldier, he urged his hearers, whom he left behind, to lend their aid and personal influence, and to work with him in the cause of peace by working for the abolition of slavery.

Says an English paper: That some approach towards civilization is likely to be made by the sable monarch of Dahomey may be inferred from the fact of his having recently given orders for the construction of two English carriages, which luxuries are intended for his Majesty and Queen. One carriage is an elegant, open, sociable barouche, having a handsome canopy, supported by six spiral columns richly gilt. The body is painted a similar ground to the carriage of her Majesty, viz., deep claret, around which is a beautifully executed bordering of fruit and foliage painted in natural colors. On one door-panel, inclosed in a blue ribbon, bearing a Spanish inscription, is a representation of an armed Amazon, having a lion by her side; and on the other door-panel a similar figure, accompanied by a large fish. The wheels and under carriage, etc., are of a rich carmine, and lining and draperies of the canopy of crimson silk. The other carriage, as the inscription thereon indicates, has been built for the Queen of Dahomey. It is what is called a sedan, or a species of brougham, and is got up in the same style as the barouche. Both carriages, when in use by the African Monarch and Queen, will, by means of ropes, be drawn by twenty and ten slaves respectively.

A letter from a Boston gentleman in Chicago says: "I went out of the city limits the other day and saw the prisons of the Morgan raid men, and also the grave of Stephen A. Douglas. He is buried upon the lake shore, in a beautiful spot. There is no monument erected over him, with name or history; a simple mound, with a wooden fence around it, tells where Douglas lies. The city of Chicago is spreading its limits every day. In a comparatively short time the grave of Douglas will be covered by houses of business, and the man who, in his day of pride and honor, was a dictator in the Congress of the nation, will not have a stone to mark his last resting place. 'What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!'"

A Lyons journal of Aug. 24, says: Another adventurous traveller has lost his life in exploring the wilds of Africa. Dr. Henry Stendner, who had been for two years past in Ethiopia, has recently died there, in an obscure village. He was attended in his last moments by Baron de Heuglin, his fellow traveller. Dr. Stendner had just completed his researches in the country, extending from the Red Sea to the extremity of the Eastern Soudan, and was about to start on another exploring expedition when he was taken ill. The Baron, after rendering the last duties to his friend, resumed his explorations, accompanied by three European ladies and a troop of one hundred and twenty negroes. Nothing has been heard of them since the 10th of May.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, September 15th, 1863.

THE "true believers" in Boston and New York may well congratulate each other upon the President's recent letter, and the effect it has already produced in cheering the reformers and discouraging the sympathizers with treason. This letter now stands, an efficient rear-guard, to assure us against retreat of the Administration from the ground already taken in favor of freedom, and gives high encouragement to those who are preparing the way for that greater movement which yet remains to be made in the same direction. Surely, if the President, strongly averse as we know he was to all interference with slavery, found himself commanded by the stern voice of military necessity to free three-quarters of all the slaves at the commencement of this year—and if he now sees, after eight months' trial of that policy, not only that it was then needful but that its continuance is indispensable to our safety—surely it can be made plain to Congress that the finishing of that imperfect act is the nation's interest and their duty. The snake has been scotched, not killed. Shall we leave it to recover, and act again after its kind, or shall we use at once upon this monster, rattlesnake and anaconda in one, the effective weapon now providentially within our grasp? While the war lasts, it is in the power of Congress to decree an utter abolition of slavery throughout the land. Let the people call upon Congress to do this work. Let no effort be wanting to provide that, when the war shall end, there may not be left one fragment of slavery to be cherished or preserved, defended or extended.

In Williams and Everett's fine collection of works of art (painting, engraving and statuary) visitors have for some time past seen Carlton's fine picture called "Waiting for the Hour," in which one of the slaves represented wears around the neck an iron collar with projecting prongs, designed not only to render escape more difficult, but to prevent the sufferer from lying down, and from sleeping with comfort in any position. There has now been added to their collection a Southern work of art, an iron slave collar of the sort represented in the picture, though differing in some of its details. It is heavy, weighing probably five pounds, of rough iron, hinged behind and locked or riveted in front, made large enough for a moderate-sized neck, and with three uprights, of iron, fitted in equi-distant sockets, curving out a little to go beyond the head, and about a foot high. These branches have eyes in the top, which may be designed for the attachment of bells, to make known constantly the whereabouts of the wearer when at large.

It is characteristic of the change of times in Boston that this Southern Necklace, this ugly relic of "the peculiar institution," should not only be shown in a place so elegant and fashionable as Williams and Everett's, but should be noticed and described by *The Gazette* and *The Post.* The former paper tells us that this implement was found by Capt. J. Tyler Read, of the 3d Massachusetts Cavalry, during a search

vindicated. But he thought they would do well to decline to receive a rate of payment so graduated as to stigmatize at once their soldiership and their manhood, and to wait for their pay until the regular and legal allowance for military service should be offered them.

It is understood that the 54th and 55th Regiments are disposed to follow this counsel, and will wait for their pay until they can have what the law allows to United States' soldiers. It is to be hoped they will not have to wait long unpaid. If this matter requires the action of Congress, it should be attended to promptly and effectively, in the first week of the new session. The colored people have been enough imposed upon, both as slaves and freemen. Let it not be said that the government which invited them to enlist as soldiers withheld from them the fair wages of soldiership.

Col. Shaw had given another evidence, not generally known, of a determination to have the rights of his men respected. When the uniforms of the 54th Regiment were sent, they were found to be of a dark blue cloth, such as was served out to the "contrabands," and obviously different from the regulation uniform of light blue. Col. Shaw ordered them sent back immediately, and demanded the customary uniform for his men, and received it without further question. What wonder that the followers of such a man showed themselves brave! What wonder that thirty of them, in that fearful assault, fell close around him! It was fitting that they should be buried with him. They were noble in their lives, and in death they were not divided.

Yesterday's mail brought me a new specimen of the spirit and enterprise of those Northern people who have lately emigrated to the South. This is No. 50, Vol. I, of *The New South*, a small but spicy newspaper, published every Saturday by Jos. H. Sears, Editor and Proprietor, at Port Royal, S. C. It contains the news of the military movements and other events in that locality, with spirited editorials respecting the rebels of the South, the Copperheads of the North, and the duties of loyal men everywhere.

That capital pamphlet "The New Gospel of Peace" represents its hero, Fernando, as searching the Scriptures daily, saying to himself—"Peradventure I may find therein something to my advantage." We are told elsewhere that "The Devil will quote Scripture for his purpose." I could not but think of both these cases on reading in *The Journal of Commerce*, the other day, a statement to this effect; that a fulfilment, by the President, of his promise of freedom to the slaves of rebels, would be precisely analogous to the fulfilment of Jephtha's vow respecting his daughter, and of Herod's promise to the daughter of Herodias, which caused the murder of John the Baptist. We have, throughout the country, plenty of papers that disregard religion and morality; but *The Journal of Commerce* deliberately *perverts* both, taking pains to put darkness for light and evil for good, and claiming the Bible as its ally in this perversion.

Let me give you, in this connection, a specimen or two of the positions, progressive or stationary, of our own daily press.

The Courier (to begin at the bottom) deems the present a fit time to reprint Daniel Webster's famous letter to John Taylor, the manager of his New Hampshire estate. This honest and earnest man had written to his employer some protest against slavery. The substance of the Great Expounder's reply (the only reply he could make while retaining the position of his later years) is contained in these two sentences:

"You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia, than a Virginian has to say that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. * * * * John Taylor, never write me another word on politics."

We know, by many tokens, that *The Courier* cherishes sentiments as false and shameful as that above expressed. But it might, in decency, have refrained from pillorying its deceased friend by the republication of such weakness and folly.

The Post has been making frequent complaints of *The Journal* for the occasional publication, of late, of articles adverse to the pro-slavery position which the two formerly held in common. The former prefers to remain anchored in hunkerism; the latter wishes to take advantage of the rising tide to get a new position. Meantime, they call each other names, with great energy.

But the most remarkable phenomenon in these parts lately is a sentence *indicating progress* in this morning's *Advertiser*. Commenting upon the letter in which Gov Bradford of Maryland proposes a movement towards gradual emancipation in that State, *The Advertiser* says:

"For our own part, we are free to admit, that in a State situated as Maryland is, with nearly half of her black population already free, the general interests of the country seem to call for immediate rather than gradual emancipation."

Verily, the world does move!

At the Tremont Temple last evening was celebrated the fifth commencement of Dr. Lewis's Normal Institute for Physical Education. The spacious hall was filled, and the audience showed high gratification, both at the exercises performed by the retiring class, and at the addresses made by the Principal, his pupils, and various gentlemen of literary and professional eminence who had been invited to witness the exhibition. Among the latter were Ex-Governor Boutwell, Prof. Phelps, of the New Jersey Normal School, and Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone of this city. Among the addresses of members of the class, those of Mr. Clinton Gillingham of Philadelphia, and of Miss Lizzie M. Powell (sister of our excellent fellow-laborer Aaron M. Powell) were distinguished for excellence, and were warmly appreciated by the audience. The class were dressed in a neat and appropriate costume, and showed great skill in the various exercises with wands, clubs, dumb-bells, and rings. At the close, diplomas were presented to the graduates of both sexes, many of whom, it is understood, are to officiate as teachers of the new gymnastics in various parts of the country.

Our good friends the Hutchinson family (who are now giving a series of concerts here), made an agreeable variety by singing some of their songs, the last of which was joined in chorus by the audience.

It is rumored that arrangements are making for the organization of a militia company of colored citizens of Boston, and that within a few days the choice of officers will be made. Our colored soldiers have made such vigorous use of the musket that they have well proved their right to take the sword. NORTH.

THE CELEBRATION AT LUDLOWVILLE.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 5th, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

You well know how differently soldiers see the same scene on the battle-field, and what a different coloring they give the same acts of officers and men. So it sometimes happens with laborers in the moral battle. In your paper of Aug. 29th, your correspondent B. J. A., in his notice of the West India Celebration at Ludlowville, and its disturbance by a "crew of dirty, ragged, drunken fellows," says: "Mr. Stebbins was able to deliver only a part of his address, and *it was only by the superior skill and management of Mr. Joy* that the disturbers were restrained from violence against property and persons." It has ever been the policy of old Abolitionists, when meetings are thus disturbed, to go right on with the programme and plan as nearly as possible, not turning aside or changing the discussion of subjects contemplated, or stopping to *entertain* those who wish to break up the meeting. It was the design of Mr. Stebbins to go right on with his address, save it were needful for a moment to appeal directly to the rioters; but Mr. Joy desired him to stop, which he was loath to do; but as Mr. Joy claimed to "conduct" the meeting, *he called for music*, and then followed with remarks himself, and thus broke in entirely upon the proposed exercises. Now, Mr. Stebbins firmly believed that had he pursued his remarks, he would have been able so to control the mob that they would have listened to the argument for Emancipation which the West India "experiment" affords, and which is so much needed *to-day* in such localities. To show you he was not alone in his opinion, I quote from a letter before me, dated Aug. 14th, from a prominent merchant of Ludlowville, who has long been a subscriber to *The Liberator*. He says (to Mr. Stebbins): "I was sorry Mr. Joy did not let you go on, as I believe they would have been discomfited by hearing you through and slunk away to their holes."

Mr. Stebbins is travelling in Michigan, and may not see THE STANDARD, and I feel in the spirit of saying this much of the light in which we view the matter.

Yours, for Emancipation Universal,

CATHARINE A. F. STEBBINS.

"B. J. A." is not fairly responsible for the language in which we (to save room) aimed to give the substance of his communication. Perhaps, if we had printed his letter in full, Mrs. Stebbins would have seen in it nothing to which she could take exception.—*Editor.*

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (American Edition, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker st.) contains ten articles, viz.: Roger Collard, Philosopher and Politician; Wilson's Prehistoric Man; Thomas de Quincey, Grave and Gay; Henry St. John and the Reign of Queen Anne; The Education and Management of the Imbecile; The West Highlands of Scotland; Pretensions of Spiritualism—Life of D. D. Home; Mormonism—Past and Present; The Cotton Famine and Lancashire Distress; The National Defences.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

On Tuesday, 8th inst., the Ironsides and monitors engaged the batteries on Sullivan's Island and a shell from the Weehawken exploded one of the magazines in Fort Moultrie. Half the town of Moultrieville was destroyed by fire, occasioned by the shelling of the Ironsides, and all the shore batteries were extensively damaged. After the bombardment had closed, Admiral Dahigreen ordered a boat expedition to advance upon Sumter, in hope of taking it by storm. The attempt, however, ended in the repulse of the expedition with a loss of sixty men—among whom were six Lieutenants and an Ensign—and five boats. Beauregard claims to have captured 113 prisoners—including 13 officers. By way of Fortress Monroe we have a report that a white flag was flying over Fort Moultrie on Saturday, and that half of James Island was in our possession. The report is somewhat vague and not to be implicitly credited.

The work laid out for Gen. Blunt and Gen. Steele in Arkansas is being accomplished in the best style, and soon the entire State will be in a condition to reassert its old love for the Union. On the 1st inst., Gen. Blunt took possession of Fort Smith, a force of 4,000 rebels in the vicinity skedaddling on the previous night. A portion of our forces pursued them twenty miles, and after a brief engagement scattered them in all directions. We also have the news of the evacuation of Little Rock by the rebels. The capture of Fort Smith was all that was required to free Western Arkansas and the Indian Territory from the rebels, and the authority of the Federal government is now fully restored in that region.

We have highly interesting details of the recent advance of Gen. Burnside's army in East Tennessee, and its triumphant entry into Knoxville. The enthusiasm of the people at their liberation from rebel thraldom was expressed in loyal meetings, the display of flags, processions, and good offices toward the brave soldiers. The advance upon Cumberland Gap and the capture of Frazer's forces are also detailed.

A formidable Union expedition has left New Orleans for Texas, and is doubtless by this time in possession of a portion of that State.

Gen. Pleasanton's cavalry commenced an advance on Sunday morning, pushing the enemy south of Culpepper. On Monday our troops reached the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford, finding a considerable force of infantry posted to dispute their further advance. An engagement was the result, but details have not been received. Gen. Foster telegraphs from Fortress Monroe that Lee's headquarters are now at Richmond. It is confidently asserted that Longstreet's corps departed more than two weeks since on its mission of reenforcing the armies of Bragg and Beauregard, and that the corps of Ewell and Hill have taken up the line of march for Richmond. From these movements it is argued that the Fall campaign on the part of the rebels will be prosecuted simply on the defensive—the sole aim being to prevent the capture of the Southern capital, and thus prolong the war, in hopes that delay may eventuate in something which will stem the almost overwhelming tide of rebel reverses.

The course of the Raleigh *Standard* on the rebellion has made it obnoxious to the ultra secessionists, and we learn from a Richmond paper of the 11th inst., received at Fortress Monroe, that its printing office has been destroyed by a party of Georgian soldiers. The friends of the paper retaliated by sacking the office of *The State Journal*.

Maj.-Gen. Burnside has sent his resignation to the President. It is supposed that he had determined upon this course very soon after taking command of his present Department; and having won brilliant and enduring laurels in his campaign in East Tennessee, he finds this a proper time to retire with honor to himself and without especial detriment to the service. It is believed that the President has not accepted his resignation.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

FROM THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

STEVENSON, Ala., August 29, 1863.

The 1st Regiment United States Colored troops, Department of the Cumberland, has just been organized. It is nearly full, and encamped at the railroad-bridge, on the south side of Elk river, where it is being drilled and fitted for active service. Their camp is remarkably clean and well kept, and is placed on a very pleasant slope. I noticed a number of them on squad drill, as the train stopped a few minutes. They were awkward but exceedingly attentive, and some of them did their "right about" with considerable precision. They are all athletic fellows, with great muscular legs and arms, and they will certainly be a gay corps at fatigue, if they fail to fight as others of their dusky brethren have done.

A commission has been sitting here some time, for the examination of applicants for commissions in the regiment. The ordeal was made particularly severe. The applications were very numerous, and several of these who presented themselves expressed a willingness to resume the same rank in the colored regiments that they held among the white volunteers.

NEGRO WIT.

One of the agents for the distribution of articles sent to Gen. Grant's soldiers, tells the following:

While upon a steamboat on the lower Mississippi, a big, fat, jolly negro soldier was upon the deck of the boat standing guard. The boat landed at Helena, when a white soldier came on board, and seeing the negro in uniform, with musket, etc., he stepped back a little, and the following questions and answers were propounded and replied to:

White Soldier—"Hello! darkie, are you a soldier?"

Negro Soldier—"Yeth, thar, I'th a tholger."

White Soldier—"Look here, darkey, is your Colonel a nigger?"

Negro Soldier—"No, thar, he ith'ent a nigger; *ith yourn*."

No answer was made to the last question.

THE FUND FOR COLORED RECRUITS

Is steadily and largely increasing. What will *The Courier* say when it sees the names of James Murray Howe, Charles P. Curtis and Charles Devens, Jr., among the contributors? The list looks a good deal like the names which used to be appended to the calls for Whig meetings, or letters to Mr. Webster in old times. When the votes are counted on election day, a large number of these old Whigs, who are now relied on for the Copperhead ticket, will be out of town, or voting for Gov. Andrew. It is proposed to ask the clergymen of the State to preach in behalf of this fund for colored troops. No more important work can be done for the putting down of the rebellion. When 30,000 white men are obliged to be withdrawn from the Potomac army to keep Wood's and Seymour's New York friends in order, their places must be filled by black men, or the cause will be lost.—"*Warrington,*" *in The Springfield Republican.*

COLORED RECRUITING IN DELAWARE.

The Delaware State Journal of the 8th inst. says: "Franklin S. Viney, a colored man, formerly a resident of Delaware, was duly authorized by Maj. George L. Stearns, Superintendent of Colored Enlistments, to recruit for regiments of negro troops. He was ordered to New Castle, Delaware, by Maj. Stearns, and for two weeks performed the duty assigned him, and forwarded many recruits for the United States service. On the 25th of August he was arrested upon complaint of John Bradford, of New Castle, for being a non-resident free negro, and failing to pay a fine of fifty dollars and costs and to leave the State within five days, was committed to prison and advertised to be sold to the highest bidder, whether in or out of the State. On Monday, August 31, however, several gentlemen of Wilmington procured his release by paying the fine and costs and giving bond as above mentioned.

MOUNTING COLORED TROOPS ON MULES.

Gen. Thomas also proposes to have a regiment of colored troops, 1,000 strong, mounted on mules. Whether brilliant or not, such a body of men would be very serviceable. In the present state of the service in this department, while the rebels are disheartened and demoralized, and while rapid marches and surprises are more important even than heavy fighting, cavalry is needed more than ever before; and as we have plenty of captured horses, if the experiment of mounting infantry succeeds, we will soon be at no loss in this matter.—*Cor. Tribune.*

OFFICERS FOR THE CORPS D'AFRIQUE.

The Board for the examination of officers for colored regiments is still in session in Washington. The number of applicants who have passed the Board of Examiners from the 28th of May to the present date, is as follows: Colonels, 2; Lieutenant-Colonels, 2; Majors, 8; Captains, 32; First Lieutenants, 50; Second Lieutenants 114; total, 208. Beside this number, between two and three hundred have been rejected. The Board lays great stress on knowledge of infantry tactics. If the applicant has been a commissioned officer and is ignorant of tactics, it is much against him. The standard of education and military accomplishments is much higher than required in the volunteer service heretofore, especially for Colonels of regiments and other field-officers.—*Cor. Tribune.*

COLORED SEAMEN IN THE NAVY.

An unofficial estimate of the number of colored seamen in the Navy shows that there are are now about 5,000 in that branch of the public service. They were originally introduced as cooks and stewards, and for years were not seen on deck. Long before the war, however, they were allowed in the "after guard," and got along so well with the sailors and marines that the propriety of putting them in "the top" soon became apparent. At present they are seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys—the marine corps and the wardroom being the only portions of a man-of-war from which they are excluded.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

EXECUTION OF MURDERERS.

Three negroes were executed at Columbus, Ky., under military authority, on Friday, Sept. 4, for the murder of five persons belonging to the family of Major Beckham, of that vicinity. These negroes were a part of a band of contrabands supported by the government, not, however, in the military service, at Island No. 10. The deed was committed out of revenge, because the Beckham family had prevented a young negro girl, living with them, from joining the contraband camp. It was an atrocious massacre, and as it was of so horrible a character, it has been used by the enemies of the negro to excite prejudice against the race, and cast odium upon the government for aiding those who abandon their rebel masters. The sequel shows that their punishment was as sure, and perhaps quicker, on account of their liability to military law, and will teach all contrabands within our lines that obedience to law is one of the requisites of their freedom.

AN INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., August 29, 1863.

A genuine specimen of an intelligent contraband came into our lines on the 25th from Fort Johnson. He had started with two fellow-bondmen, but left them last night in the marshes because they were unable to swim Lighthouse creek, that lies between the lines of the opposing forces. He swam safely across, and after floundering through the mud came in and gave himself up to our pickets in a melancholy plight. He had almost reduced himself to the primitive Georgia costume, and wore nothing but a shirt and a pair of drawers. These were wet and covered with a coating of mud. His face and hands also exhibited broad traces of the road he travelled, and altogether he presented a novel and interesting appearance. His position as servant in the staff officers' mess at Fort Johnson gave him good opportunities of acquiring valuable military information which he seems to have availed himself of. His powers of perception are good, and his memory, if it has not been recently "crammed," is exceedingly retentive. Some very valuable information was gained from him. He confirms the report that three of our shells burst in Charleston a few nights since, and occasioned no little alarm. He reports that one set fire to a cotton shed, which was totally consumed. Another, it is said, killed a woman, and did serious damage to her house. The result of this fire besides sundry protests from Beauregard and the foreign consuls, occasioned a grand hegira of non-combatants from the city. Every one, naturally enough, had business in the country, and the city was being rapidly depopulated, because the people began to think that the curses they sent out a couple of years ago are, like chickens, coming home to roost, and when they came in the form they did the other night, they appear in a guise not at all agreeable to rebel nerves; so they retire from the scene of their early victory over Anderson and the old flag, and beg to be let alone. They will be, severely.—*Herald.*

THE QUESTION OF EXCHANGES AS AFFECTING COLORED PRISONERS OF WAR.

From The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

We regret to see a report that the President is inclined to give ground a little on this important question. It has been telegraphed to New York that he will not insist at present upon the exchange of the officers and men of the colored regiments who may be taken prisoners by the rebels. The telegraph bases a justification of the abandonment of those unfortunate gentlemen on the ground that there are comparatively few of them, that they *entered the service with the fullest knowledge of the unusual dangers to which they exposed themselves in so doing.*

These are very insufficient reasons, it strikes us, for a measure so grave as the virtual withdrawal of the protection of the government from any man, or set of men, however humble, who have taken service under its flag. The fact that these brave and gallant men accepted positions in a branch of the service which subjected them to unusual dangers would seem to entitle them to the fullest and most energetic protection which the government could extend to them. But it is said that an exchange is not insisted upon for the additional reason that it would subject thousands of other prisoners to continued imprisonment in the South. We do not believe there is a single Union prisoner in a rebel dungeon, however he may pine for release, who would not rather remain in that condition than owe his freedom to the bondage of a brother soldier and the dishonor of the flag.

The government ought to let the South understand that in selecting soldiers for its army the prejudices of the rebels will not be consulted; that every man, black or white, who wears the national uniform, will be protected in the enjoyment of every right to which, by the laws of civilized warfare, he is entitled, and that there can be no exchange of prisoners on any other basis except that of man for man without distinction of color. As soon as the South felt sure that the government would not swerve from this position, they would submit, we believe, with the best grace in the world.

The government has already conceded too much to the "insolent demands" of the South. It has yielded so often that the rebels have much reason to believe that any demands they may make, backed up by some terrible threat, will be immediately granted. We trust we have seen the last of these humiliating concessions, and that they will insist upon a rebel recognition of the war-rights of colored soldiers. At any rate, let it be understood that no distinction is recognized at the North between the brave defenders of the Union.

THE NEGRO—WILL HE MAKE A SOLDIER?

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

CAMP SHERMAN, NEAR BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, Miss., August 25.

During the past six months, a question that has been discussed considerably since the commencement of the war, has been pretty well tested; that is, whether the "darkies," "colored men," "niggers," "contrabands," "Americans of African descent," or by whatever name these poor, unfortunate people may be called, are capable of being made good soldiers. It has been admitted that they might be made serviceable in putting down the rebellion, as teamsters, working on fortifications, fatigue duty, cooks, etc., but it was very much doubted whether they would make good soldiers. Recent battles in which they have participated have done much to remove these doubts from the public mind. That they may be made to add very much to our strength and abilities to suppress the rebellion, as soldiers, it seems to me, is daily becoming more evident. A letter, which I received recently from Capt. Thomas H. Seaman, of Company F, 1st Mississippi Regiment, A. D., contains so much of interest in relation to their aptness in learning military tactics, and, also, to learn to read, and fit themselves for freemen, that I am induced to send you an extract. Capt. Seaman was a private in my company, 76th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, less than a year ago, and was promoted to Third Sergeant, and afterwards to First Sergeant of the company.

When Adj.-Gen. Thomas came to Vicksburg to organize the colored regiments, Sergt. Seaman, for meritorious conduct in the line of duty and efficiency as a drill Sergeant, was recommended for a Captain in the 1st Mississippi Regiment, A. D., and was immediately put on detached service, recruiting for that regiment, and his letter informs me that the regiment is now fully organized and that he has received his commission from the President. Several other non-commissioned officers and privates from the 76th Ohio Regiment have received commissions in the 1st Mississippi, A. D., for the same reasons. But to the extract from Capt. Seaman's letter. He says:

"We drill four hours per day, and now for what may surprise you. In drill the darkey is more apt than the white volunteers. This, to you, may seem a strong assertion, but it is a fact, for I have tried drill on white recruits and never yet found a squad of twenty-four men who could double from two to four ranks on the first attempt, and not get mixed up. The first attempt of twenty-four of my men to double into four ranks, on a simple explanation, was, to my surprise, done with a correctness and precision that was very creditable to any green hands, and their aptness extends to all parts of drill so far as tested. The men, however, are inclined to a great deal of timidity, especially non-commissioned officers, but this will wear off as they become posted in their respective duties. So far as my observation extends, the men make excellent sentinels, and are strict in the discharge of known duties. Of course it is not to be expected that they will prove veterans in two or three months. As to discipline I have no fears, for they have been accustomed to a rigid mode of life. They express quite a readiness to exchange shots with the rebels, who, they say, have '*done bossed them long enuff.*'

"I have no fear that if properly cared for, and kindly but firmly dealt with, they will, in a reasonable time, become very efficient soldiers. The great drawback is the want of education. I have several in my company who can read. I have distributed thirty primers, twenty spelling-books, and twenty First Class and twelve Second Class Readers to my boys, and the eagerness to acquire knowledge is general among them. It is common to see them poring over the books for hours at a time."

Capt. Seaman speaks very highly of Lieut.-Col. Webber, who is now in command of the regiment, and says that when the Colonel sent for him to come to his tent, and presented him with a commission from the President, he felt very much like the boy who got in deep water and couldn't swim much, but that he got over that after a few moments' conversation with the Colonel.

Truly yours, R. W. BURT,
First Lieut. Commanding Company I, 76th O. V.

FLAG PRESENTATION AT CAMP WILLIAM PENN.

From The Liberator, Sept. 11.

Last week a flag was presented to the colored troops encamped at Chilton Hills, near Philadelphia. The flag was the gift of the friends of the troops, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who had left the city in a special train for their accommodation, were on the ground. The troops were paraded prior to the presentation, and their muscular frames elicited the admiration of those who witnessed the drill. They were then drawn up in line in the centre of the camp facing the south, and the flag was presented to them. It was a beautiful banner made of the finest silk, with the American eagle in the front; over it the words, "FREEDOM FOR ALL," and under it the inscription, "Sixth United States Colored Troops." On the reverse was, "Presented by the colored citizens of Philadelphia." Its dimensions are six feet square.

Mr. Jacob E. White was the first speaker. He alluded to the history the colored men were making for themselves in the present war. High upon the scroll of fame they were writing their names. Any post of honor is available if the effort for its securing is but put forth. Not by simply looking on, but by active participation, and by marching forward to the battle-fields of the nation. The colored man's time is now; and by striking with a firm, strong hand for the privileges offered in the present hour, the black man's nationality will be secured for all coming time.

Robert Purvis, Aid-de-camp to Major Stearns in the recruiting service, was then presented to the troops. His address was brief and pointed, and was received by the soldiers with marked deference. It was as follows:

SOLDIERS OF THE SIXTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY: I have been selected as the representative of those who have procured for you this beautiful banner, to transfer it unto your charge; and on their behalf this splendid guerdon, this glorious emblem of freedom, I present, through the commanding officer of the post, to you. You will prove yourselves worthy of the gift; you will see that the flag of your country suffers no dishonor at your hands. I am fully satisfied that the loyalty, prowess and devotion of the colored soldiers will take care of the interests committed to them by the country. What are the facts? Let Milliken's Bend answer! Said Adj.-Gen. Thomas, "The negro soldiers repulsed the enemy; to the brave black men we are indebted for the possession of that important post." Let Fort Wagner answer! Led by the noble and heroic Col. Robert G. Shaw, no men fought more bravely, no soldiers bore in hospitals their wounds more patiently. Let Port Hudson answer! Let no one who reads the official report of Maj.-Gen. Banks, bearing testimony to the valor of colored soldiers, dare to scruple and say the black men will not fight, unless he belong to that tribe of the meanest of all God's creeping things, the copperhead.

Soldiers, in this momentous struggle between freedom and slavery, in other words, between a true democracy and a tyrannical despotism, I thank God that the government, from a sense of duty, and therefore in the exercise of its highest wisdom, recognized your manhood, and evidences it by calling on you to share the sacrifices necessary to establish the doctrine of equal rights.

"Stand to your faith, America!
Sad Europe, listen to our call!
Up to your manhood, Africa,
This flag floats over all.
Pure as its white our future see,
Bright as its red is now our sky,
Fixed as its stars is now our faith
That nerves our hearts to do or die."

Taking the flag in his hand, Mr. Purvis extended it to Col. Wagner, saying. "Receive this standard," and then, turning to the troops, concluded with—

Soldiers, under this flag let your rallying cry be for God, for freedom and our country. If for this you fall, you fall the country's patriots, heroes and martyrs.

The flag was received by Col. Wagner commanding the post. Advancing in front of his men, he waved the flag aloft, saying:

MR. PURVIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me pleasure, indeed, to receive this magnificent standard this day presented to the Sixth Regiment of the United States Colored Infantry. It will never be disgraced. Wherever the soldiers of the Sixth Infantry go, they will with honor uphold and defend this banner. There are two regiments of colored troops now at Charleston, who left this city, and they have sustained the reputation of their race by the conduct displayed before Fort Wagner. The soldiers to whom this flag is committed will be found true as they were true. They will follow it to victory, or, falling, they will fall only when the flag falls with them. We will uphold it and preserve it; protect its honor and maintain its supremacy against all who would injure its folds.

Mr. John Bowers followed Col. Wagner. He addressed the troops, referring to the manner in which the blacks had left friends, kindred and home, and volunteered when the bounties and pay of the whites were denied.

Col. Wm. H. Maurice then delivered the closing address.

NEVER WEAR A COUGH, or irritation on the lungs, when you can buy AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, the world's great remedy that cures it.

Summary.

SUMMER TRAVEL IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—It is estimated that tourists and Summer travellers have left in New Hampshire, the present season, upwards of one million of dollars.

SCARCITY OF LABORERS IN RHODE ISLAND.—The Providence *Journal* says there is a great scarcity of laborers in the farming districts in Rhode Island. Some of the farmers will be serious-ly embarrassed to gather their crops, unless they obtain more help.

DRAFTED QUAKERS.—Three Quakers who were drafted in the second district of Rhode Island, and failed to report, but surrendered themselves as deserters, have been sent to Fort Columbus, where they will be tried by court-martial. Unavailing appeals have been made to the War Department in their behalf.

A GREAT LINE OF TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Cassius M. Clay, United States Minister in Russia, writes to a friend in Washington: "They have granted me a telegraph line charter, the line to run from the mouth of the Amoor river to America. It will unite all the continents and be the great work of the age. It will illustrate my mission to this country."

ARRESTS.—B. H. Richardson and his son Frank A. Richardson, and Stephen J. Joyce, proprietors of the Baltimore *Republican*, were lately arrested by order of Gen. Schenck, for publishing in their paper articles of a disloyal tendency, and ordered South. The three were sent across our lines. The proprietors of *The Republican* had been frequently warned by the authorities against their course.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION have advices of the shipment of ten thousand dollars in silver bars from San Francisco on the 3d inst., a contribution from the citizens of Story County, Nevada, for the use of the commission. A similar contribution, of the value of thirty thousand dollars, has been previously received from the same Territory. The Commission is shipping large supplies of articles required for the comfort and sanitary benefit of the forces employed in the siege of Charleston, particularly of vegetables, lemons, ice, etc.

A HINT TO WORKINGMEN.—The Nashville *Union* says: "Slave labor is forever in competition with free white labor in Tennessee. Smith is a boss carpenter who owns and works in his shop four slave carpenters. Their board and clothes cost him about $100 each per annum, and all which they earn above that goes into his pockets as a clear profit. Jones, his neighbor, is also a carpenter, who owns no slaves and has to hire white journeymen at $2 50 and $3 00 per day. Is it not plain that Smith, with the help of his slaves, can easily underwork and starve out Jones and his white mechanics? When Jones is driven away, Smith, having monopolized the business, can charge any price he pleases. Such are the effects of slavery.

"Hang the slavery question! I'm disgusted with it. Let us ignore it and put down the rebellion." Hearken, oh, Solomon, to your brother, who is even now running through the streets, yelling at the top of his voice: "My house is burning up! Don't notice the fire at all, for I'm disgusted with it. Let us ignore the fire and put out the conflagration!" We can ignore the fire and extinguish the flames just as easily as we can ignore slavery and put down the rebellion. Why, the rebellion is to slavery what a cough is to consumption; only its legitimate manifestation. We cannot avoid the slavery question; we must either settle it, or it will settle us most effectually, forever. —*Nashville Union.*

A MURDER BEFORE CHARLESTON.—A correspondent of the Lowell *News*, who has lately escaped from Savannah, tells the following story: "After the assault on Fort Wagner, where Col. Shaw was killed, a rebel soldier was showing his boots in Savannah, and bragging how he got them. He said he attempted to take them off a Yankee soldier on that fatal field, who, though wounded, remonstrated, saying there were dead ones enough from whom he might take a pair. Then, with a fiendish exultation, he went on to say how he thought he wouldn't rob the wounded, so, putting his bayonet through the man's heart, he took the boots and came away. If devils ever dance, that fellow should be counted in, boots and all."

C. EDWARDS LESTER.—C. Edwards Lester has been released, as there was nothing against him. He is a queer genius, and to get a furlough from the department he represented that he had a large carbuncle on his knee; he had it all bandaged up, and wished to visit Baltimore to have it operated on. As he had no carbuncle, when he got to Baltimore he went down on a spree to Harper's Ferry, and wandered outside the lines. He was arrested, and, having many papers in his possession, was taken for a spy. He told the guard he was a clerk, and for them to telegraph to the Department. They did so, and received answer that if it was "Lester, he had a large carbuncle on his knee." There being no carbuncle there, he was sent to prison with a useful lesson.—*Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.*

INSECURITY OF SLAVE PROPERTY.—The insecurity of slave property in those sections of Maryland adjoining the District of Columbia, is strikingly illustrated in the case of Mr. Browning, of Prince George's County, who, at the commencement of the rebellion owned four hundred slaves and has now only *eleven left*—most of them so old and infirm as to be unable to run away. About fifty of the runaways have enlisted in the District Colored regiments. Maryland papers say that at the present rapid rate the stampede of slaves from that State will soon render all talk about emancipation unnecessary—there will be none to emancipate. One planter near Port Tobacco lost eleven a few nights since. Owners take the loss as matter of course, since there is no feasible means of prevention. Compensated emancipation is probably more popular there now than when the President first proposed it.

A LOYAL WOMAN'S WORK.—A correspondent of *The Evening Post*, writing from Milwaukee, says: "In glowing contrast to the malcontent Copperheads are the loyal and charitable movements unceasingly on foot for the care and benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers in the field and in hospitals. Sewing societies and concerts, fairs and private subscriptions, are flowing in one grateful stream towards the bedside of our noble heroes, who have been glad to do and die for a noble cause. There is one little woman who has passed the larger part of the last two years in the hospitals and camps of Grant's soldiers. A few days since she unexpectedly appeared in the midst of her friends here with a rather comical demand for fifteen hundred cows and an unlimited number of chickens, ducks, etc. She had only to state that the 'boys' down on the Mississippi were suffering for the want of milk and delicacies, and the call was instantly filled. A few days saw the requisition on the way for the use of the 'boys.'"

JIMMY O'NEIL.—When Jackson was President, Jimmy O'Neil, the porter, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which were offensive to the fastidiousness of Col. Donelson, and caused his dismissal on an average about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was invariably reversed by the good nature of the old General. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offense, and was summoned before the highest tribunal at once. The General, after stating the details of the misdeed, observed, "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years, in spite of all complaints; but in this act you have gone beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe the story," asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the General; "I just heard it from two Senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all are fit to be President." "Pshaw! Jimmy," concluded careful hereafter." Jimmy remained with his kind-hearted patron not only to the close of his presidential term, but, accompanying him to the Hermitage, was with him to the day of his death.

GEN. ROSECRANS ON SLAVERY.—The following extract from a letter written by Maj.-Gen. William S. Rosecrans, detailing his opinion on the slavery question, which is published in the Philadelphia *Press*. It should be remembered that Gen. Rosecrans was, prior to the war, an unvarying Democrat. Writing from Murfreesboro, he says:

"I am glad to see the splendid stand you have taken against slavery, with all its horrors, barbarities and shockcitate it. To understand this fully you should pay us a visit. . . . Slavery is doomed, and those who now uphold it will soon be held up to public odium and execration. No statesman will vindicate it, no friend of human progress will stretch forth a hand to break its fall. . . . Almighty God has certainly ordained the destruction of slavery in this country, where it has been more offensive and immoral than in any other."

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—An excitement has been raised in exclusive church-and-state circles at the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Mayor of Halifax, Mr. John Crossley, a carpet manufacturer and a Dissenter. "He'll be going to hear Spurgeon next!" The prospective "head of the Church" the "guest of a man that is a Dissenter!" *The Patriot* takes a sober and sensible view of the matter for our side: "We do not imagine for a moment that it was intended to honor Dissent. That point was simply ignored, and very properly so. But there lies the gist of the whole thing. It *could* be ignored. Royalty and nonconformity could once more, as in times of yore, come into familiar contact. The barriers which for two centuries the perverse and narrow church spirit has been trying to keep around us are crumbling away, and the social separation of the parish Dissenters from the Church Brahmins is becoming less possible every day. Royalty can afford to ignore the matter. This dreadful schism, this bugbear of Anglican priests and their too reliant sheep, is a thing which may be treated as of no consequence by one whose public actions are all immensely significant in things both of church and state."

NEGRO KILLED—CONSCRIPTS ACCUSED OF THE CRIME—THEY MUST KILL A "NIGGER."—On Tuesday last a negro, well known in this city as an inoffensive and good-looking barber, who formerly kept a shop in the Hion Hotel, was set upon by a gang of rowdies, two at least of whom had been conscripted at Watertown the week previous. The negro, to save his life, started for the river, and the inhuman wretches chased him until in desperation he plunged into the river, and in attempting to lord it was drowned. His name was Moses Bliss, and he leaves a wife and two children. They were at the time in this city on a visit. The body of Bliss was not found until Friday, when it was discovered in the river near Frankfort, at which place Bliss resided. The funeral of deceased took place yesterday at Frankfort. It was largely attended. Two of the perpetrators of the deed are now lodged in Herkimer County jail, and a third, Luman Widrig, a worthless fellow, as we are told, and a resident of Herkimer, was arrested in New York on Saturday, and was to be brought to Herkimer today. The conscripts, and in fact all parties concerned, were said to be in liquor at the time, and the former had said they were bound to "kill a nigger" before they left for the war. There is still another man implicated, who is at large.—*Utica Telegraph.*

THE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY.—The following incident is one worth noting by the collector of facts for future histories of the Great Rebellion: The rebels, on the 30th of June last, passed through Wellsville, York County, Pa., and were greeted with tumultuous sympathy by the Copperhead men and women of the town. Three days afterward, an unarmed negro was quietly passing along the street, when these same sympathizers raised the cry of "horse-thief," and one of them pursued him with a gun. The negro quietly submitted, and was walking along with his captor, when five more men, armed to the teeth, came up, and one of them, named Jeremiah Spohr, deliberately and without a word, shot him. The negro fell, when Spohr shot him a second time as he lay upon the ground. The party then dragged the still living victim by the heels with a strap into a field, where they proceeded to bury him. Observing that he still lived, one of them tried to cut his throat, but the knife used was too blunt; whereupon a rifle was discharged into his head, and the poor wretch at length ceased to breathe. The body was left on the ground. A week afterward a coroner's jury caused the arrest of the murderers, who frankly acknowledged their guilt; but the Grand Jury ignored the bill against them. The correspondent who sends these particulars states that the prosecutors are Republicans, and the defendants Copperheads. York rejoices in a Democratic majority of about 3,000.—*Tribune.*

THE SOUTH CAROLINIANS AND

Miscellaneous Department.

REFINING FIRES.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver."—*Isaiah xlviii.* 10.

Nor with silver, not with gold,
Every gift of every mine,
Multiplied a thousandfold,
Doth our God the soul refine.

Not from broad and fertile fields,
Nor from any form of wealth
That Earth's face or bosom yields,
Comes "the soul's eternal health."

But "true riches" come from toil
Of the muscles or the mind,
And, by culture of the soil,
Or the soul, is man refined.

With the chastening power of pain,
Tossings on a sleepless bed,
Cares that gnaw upon the brain,
Bleeding heart and throbbing head;

With our sorrows for the past,
With our fears of coming ill,
That their forward shadows cast
On our pathway dark and chill;

With the discipline of tears,
Over loved and lost ones shed,
With our loves of early years
Dying out, or wholly dead;

With the depths of voiceless woe
That have whelmed our hearts so much,
Hopes that withered long ago
Under Disappointment's touch;

With the agonizing pang,
Felt from Folly's Parthian dart,
With Remorse's viperous fang
Struck into the guilty heart;

With our fruitless efforts, made
To attain some shining goal,
Labors lost, and trust betrayed—
Doth our God refine the soul.

FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

SOLD AT SAVANNAH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

It was not at once that I, with my comparatively short experience of the slave States, could realize the dismal and scandalous nature of the case; but Boaz Bingley, from his long residence among a people whose whole code of morals had come to be insensibly moulded on the "peculiar institution," possessed a key to the mystery, which the English surveyor was forced to grope for in the dark.

"What do you mean by slave-catchers?" cried I, addressing myself as much to the weeping women as to the hospitable Quaker himself, whose excessive agitation rendered him a different person from the calm Friend I was used to converse with. "What have slave-catchers to do with the matter?" asked I. "Ellen Neale, an Irish girl, was no slave, nor of African descent; she was not even an American born. No perversion of law, however tyrannical, could work such an outrage as you hint at. Some dark villany must"——

"Ah, friend, thou little knowest the land we dwell in, a land accursed for the sin wherewith it is defiled," exclaimed the Quaker sadly. "The men of these parts are not wholly evil; but when any matter that relates to African bondage is in question, their hearts are hard as the nether millstone."

"Ay, hard as Pharaoh's heart," sobbed Mrs. Bingley from her arm-chair; "and they heed the prayers of the afflicted no more than the wolf heeds the bleatings of the sheep that he is rending."

"But on what pretext," demanded I, "can a British subject—for such she still is, never having been naturalized in the United States—be claimed as a slave? Such a proceeding is too monstrous to be legal. No one shall persuade me that"——

"Friend," cried Miss Ruth, turning her tearful eyes on me, and speaking in a tone utterly unlike her usual lively rattle, "before thou canst know the truth, thou must remember where thou art a sojourner. In this land, the taint of African blood is enough to deprive the most innocent of the law's protection. It has been sworn before the tribunals, by lying tongues and men of Belial, that our dear Ellen, the young stranger whose face was grown beloved and familiar in our poor dwelling-place, that she was"——

"What? Not of African blood? Surely perjury itself would shrink from such a falsehood," interrupted I, and I felt my brow knit, and my blood rush to my face like fire.

"Not only of colored race; not only of the unhappy people—hear me, friend—not only that, but an escaped slave!"

A bitter execration which broke from my lips was rebuked, even then, by the sturdy Quaker, who lifted his hand, and said sternly: "Blaspheme not, neither do thou curse them, for behold, they shall be judged."

"When was this?" asked I of the mistress of the house.

"Scarcely an hour ago," answered Mrs. Bingley.

"Who were the persons engaged in it? Were they townsmen or strangers?"

To this query it was Ruth who replied: "Friend, the only citizen of this place—except the officers of justice, so called—who intruded himself into our dwelling to-day, was the scribe named Williams."

"Cressett Williams, the lawyer of Joel Mathewson, that hoary sinner!" cried I: "then it is evident from whose hidden hand this foul blow has been dealt. But speak—pray forgive my rudeness—but what was done and said?" continued I, beating an angry tattoo on the wall with my horsewhip. Then the good folks told me, with many exclamations and quotations from Scripture, that the intruders had been headed by Cressett Williams, attorney-at-law, who produced warrants regularly signed by the authorities of the State, and who was backed by several policemen, in addition to a couple of professional "negro-catchers," or kidnappers of runaway slaves. The lawyer never mentioned Mr. Mathewson's name, but professed to act for a client there present, one Hiram Cross, describing himself as a planter and citizen of Alabama State. This Hiram deposed—bringing papers to substantiate his assertions—that Ellen Neale was in reality a quadroon slave, Helen by name, who had been bought by the said Hiram Cross from a gentleman of Virginia, on whose estate she was born. The affidavit stated this with great and positive minuteness, giving dates and details; and this precious document was bolstered up by receipts, letters, and memoranda, all of which had been carefully docketed by Lawyer Williams. Moreover, the affidavit declared that the said Helen, being a lawful slave, had fled under cover of night from her master's house, being incited to the said escape by a wandering family of Irish, who, as Hiram Cross learned by report, had given shelter and protection to the girl, and had actually passed her off as a white woman, their relative. Twelve months had elasped since the said Hiram Cross had been thus deprived of his lawful property; and having learned that she, the said Helen, was harbored in the house of a certain Quaker, a citizen of Massachusetts, Boaz Bingley by name, the said Hiram prayed the judge and sheriff that he might be put again in possession of the said Helen—otherwise Ellen Neale—his slave and chattel, etc. Formal warrants had been granted, at the request of the Alabama man, who had been permitted to "resume" possession of his pretended slave; nor did Joel Mathewson appear at all as a mover in this atrocious affair, and yet we all knew instinctively that it was his vile hand that had set these puppets in action.

"Poor lamb, what could she do?" exclaimed Miss Ruth. "She called on Heaven to witness that they lied; she pleaded and prayed, showing letters and other proofs of her parentage and the land of her birth, and these they called forgeries, and flung aside. When she saw that it was but a mockery to look for justice, and that they were prepared to bear her away violently, she went meekly along with them, rather than bring more grief on our house, where she had dwelt lovingly; for these bad men swore with cruel oaths that if any resistance were made—seeing that our colored servants were angry, and disposed to prevent their purpose, and that even Brother Boaz almost forgot that he had been a man of peace from his youth up, and would have striven to check that grievous wrong—swore that they would bring the mob upon us to spoil and burn our goods, seeing we sheltered slaves against their masters. Then the good maiden went forth captive with those hard men, the rather that the dog"——

"Ah, the dog!" said I, looking quickly round for Ellen's four-footed friend, her constant companion—"poor old Toby! I hope they did not hurt him. I am sure he would not have seen a rude hand laid on his mistress without doing what he could to pin the aggressor by the throat."

"Thee judges rightly, friend," said Boaz grimly; "and the poor, faithful brute did indeed essay to do such battle as he could; nay, but I believe his teeth, old as they were, made Lawyer Williams to smart; and, indeed, to save that dumb friend's life was one reason wherefore the maiden submitted to be led away."

"How?"

"One of the slave-catchers had the dog crushed under his foot, and would have slain him for his fidelity, but that Ellen begged his life so sorely, and promised to go quietly if they would spare the creature; and, in truth, she took Toby along with her; for the dog is hurt, though not much."

There was little more to tell. From the moment Ellen had yielded, the men had treated her with a sort of sullen civility quite unlike their usual conduct towards recaptured slaves, and which was probably enjoined upon them by their unseen employer. They had consented that she should spend a few moments in collecting her scanty wardrobe, had allowed her to take her dog with her, and had permitted her to take leave of the family. A sad and distressing parting it had been, for Ellen was going through danger, not of death, but of what was worse than death to her. Finally, they had removed the girl in a carriage, guarded by the slave-catchers on horseback, and in which Hiram Cross, his partner, and the lawyer, were seated. This carriage had driven direct to the railway; and it was the avowed intention of the party to place Ellen in the jail of Savannah until her master should find a convenient opportunity for her removal or sale.

Long and painful was the consultation that ensued between my Quaker friends and myself. They and I were of one mind in fixing on Joe Mathewson of Savannah as the primary cause of this aggression. The hoary villain had been for some time at his villa in Augusta; indeed, it was the unhealthy season, in which no rich man stopped in the seaboard city who could get away from it. He had lurked round the Quaker's dwelling; he had sent messengers with gifts and billets; he had been seen to confabulate with Hiram Cross, his brother-rascal, and the unscrupulous attorney, close to the garden-wall itself. There could be little doubt that the wicked old man had devised this artful plan of representing Ellen as a fugitive slave, in order to put her without the pale of law, and have her at his mercy. But to save the lamb from the jaws of the wolf was no easy matter. My first idea—one which naturally suggested itself to a young and active man—was to resist force by force, and to attempt a rescue. Hurriedly I ran over the names of the half-dozen young gentlemen of Savannah with whom I was connected by some slight bond of friendship, and who were, I knew, never averse to a broil, or anything savoring of excitement; but Brother Boaz, cooler and more experienced, damped my ardor by reminding me that slavery was the Shibboleth of the chivalry; and that the hot-blooded youngsters who would back a friend in any personal quarrel, would never stir a finger in behalf of a woman with black blood in her veins. The craft of Elder Mathewson had cut us off from all Southern sympathy. I next proposed to make a personal appeal to Mathewson himself; but this was negatived most decidedly. "His heart is hard, and his will is an iron one," said Boaz, "and thee might as well argue with the north wind, as with that pitiless Pharisee. Ah, friend, I see thy eye sparkle, and I doubt not thou wouldst threaten him with earthly vengeance; but this Joel is as a fox, subtle and bold. Be sure thou wilt not affright him, and be as sure that he will denounce thee to the Regulators as a British Abolitionist, and so get rid of thee without risk. Seek another plan, I pray thee."

Next, I bethought me of the British consul at Savannah, but Mr. Bingley held out no hope on that score. "Thou art not aware, friend," said he, "that the consul of thy nation is absent for a while, having been called to Washington to consult with the envoy of thy sovereign. And even were he at his post, what could he do when all the laws and lawyers of the land are banded together against one weak woman? Bethink thee, those papers are such artful forgeries, that they might stagger the faith of the most astute. And if Ellen be pronounced a born bondswoman, what can thy consul do but protest against the decision? Even thy ambassador might speak in vain, for the citizens are besotted in their blindness." I clung to straws, indeed, for I next bethought me of the priest; but the Quaker assured me that the influence of that ecclesiastic would avail us nothing in a case where slaves were in question. Mr. Bingley, however, comforted me somewhat by the assurance that, for the time, Ellen was safe. He did not doubt that her captors would really lodge her in the prison, until arrangements could be made for her sale by auction at the public mart of Savannah. Joel Mathewson's cunning would prompt him to keep in the background until he could appear as the legitimate purchaser of the unhappy object of his persecution. The worthy Quaker readily consented to accompany me to Savannah, and promised to leave no stone unturned to save Ellen from the dreadful fate to which the bigotry of the people and the villany of the plotting elder threatened to condemn her. We went down to Savannah by the evening train. The yellow, dusty city, with the broad Sound below it, where the chocolate-hued waters of the Savannah river were struggling with the blue flood of salt waves, lay simmering in the heat; the pavements were baked with heat, and dust clung to the palmettoes and jack-trees. Having established ourselves at one of the hotels, we went straight to the residence of a lawyer for whom the Quaker had some esteem. The attorney seemed worthy of the good opinion of Brother Boaz, but he shook his head ominously when the case was put before him. "Frankly," said he, "I am afraid I can do little to aid you. These acts of fraud are rare, but not absolutely without precedent; and you own, gentlemen, that the papers held by these unscrupulous persons are well arranged, and have an air of authenticity. To these you can but oppose—pardon me—hearsay evidence—the story told by the girl herself, which"——

"Good Heavens, sir!" said I, "one glance, one minute's conversation, ought to be enough to rebut such an absurd statement. Nobody could doubt, on seeing Ellen Neale, that she is a white woman, and"——

"Excuse me," interrupted the attorney, "but you are begging the question. There are very light mulattoes, and I have seen quadroons whom it was impossible to know from full-blooded whites, except by some very slight signs, hardly preceptible. Our tribunals are not very patient or dispassionate on such a subject, sir. But I think, Mr. Bingley, you spoke of papers belonging to the girl herself. May I see them?"

The few letters which Ellen had produced before the jeering kidnappers, and which had remained in the custody of Mr. Bingley, were shown to the lawyer. He read them carefully, but pronounced them insufficient.

"I don't say, gentlemen," continued he, first opening his study-door to make sure no eavesdropper was behind it, "that these letters are not good, as far as they go. They would cause a just judge to hesitate, if not to decide in the poor young woman's favor. But the partiality of our courts in the South is well known. In all negro cases, a judge is timid, and disposed to follow public feeling, and I regret to say we want stronger proof than you here furnish me. I will do my best, gentlemen, even at the risk of some injury to my person or property, but I cannot hold out false hopes. To-morrow, I will accompany you to the United States district attorney, and we will lay the papers before him."

With this, we were fain to be content. Before we retired to rest, we went together to the jail, and endeavored, by bribes and entreaty, to gain an interview with the innocent captive. We were gruffly refused. Mr. Hiram Cross, it was said, had especially forbidden that any one should have access to his slave. His slave! The word grated on my ears, and I almost doubted whether the whole affair were not a devilish dream. But, alas! in a Christian country, and a free country, such things were practicable, and it was only the accident of Ellen's birth which enabled us to contend in her behalf. Had she been tainted by one drop of African blood, and born in America, not all the beauty and purity of which she was possessed would have given us the right even to murmur on her behalf. As it was, matters looked ugly enough, in all conscience. The next morning, I found the dead-walls of the city covered with flaming posters announcing a "Grand Sale of Negro Men and Women," which was to take place at the Auction-mart on the following day. In the long list, in conspicuous red letters, figured the name of "Helen, a quadroon of prepossessing appearance, age 18, educated, fit for a housekeeper, governess, or companion, the property of Mr. Hiram Cross of Alabama; to be sold without reserve."

I ground my teeth as I perused this infernal notice, but Brother Boaz was not surprised. He called my attention to the fact, that the many negroes who were put down in the same catalogue as Ellen, were mere lay-figures, worn-out servants past work, or field-hands of inferior quality. The sale, therefore, he argued, was a sham one, a mock-auction, only meant for the purpose of keeping up established forms, and legalizing the rascality of the whole business. No one was likely to outbid the wealthy elder, who would, moreover, be paying money from one hand to the other, since Cross, the pretended owner, was but a creature of his own. The local newspapers took up the topic of the approaching sale greedily enough, descanting on the beauty, the accomplishments, and the supposed romantic adventures of "Helen, the quadroon," in the inflated style, and with the luxuriant imagery peculiar to the New World journalism. One editor, more venturesome than his rivals, gave a timid hint that the "animated property" that formed the attraction of the forthcoming auction had the effrontery to claim white descent and the rights of a free woman; but the general tone was such as might have suited sporting-papers when some horse of rare merit was to be brought to the hammer. Disgusted and sick at heart, I flung the journals aside, and repaired with Brother Boaz to keep our appointment. The lawyer had thought the matter over, he told us, but could not take a sanguine view of the case. However, he went with us direct to the United States district attorney. We found the latter gentleman polite and attentive, but civilly incredulous. He listened to our story, read the few papers we had to lay before him, and shook his head blandly. The weight of evidence, he regretted to say, was in the opposite scale. But we pressed him hard, and as he appeared really to desire that the laws of the land should be properly administered, he did not refuse to sanction an application to the Supreme Court in Ellen's favor. To the Supreme Court we went; and after certain forms had been complied with, our prayer was granted, and a hearing vouchsafed us. We had, of course, to wait until the pending litigation was disposed of, before the case of "Helen—calling herself Ellen Neale, a British subject"—could be attended to. There was a long dull suit dawdling on, and leaving our friendly attorney in court to watch proceedings, Mr. Bingley and I went out, and again tried to gain admittance into the jail where poor Ellen was immured. We were rebuffed with the same gruff answer as before. All kinds of ideas, wild and crude, many of them, came rushing through my brain as we turned from the prison-door. The most hopeful scheme which I could devise, however, was to outbid even Mathewson, and become the successful purchaser when the infamous sale should take place. I had but my savings to contribute, however, some two thousand hard-earned dollars; and Brother Boaz, though he said simply that he would give "even to the half of his substance," to save the poor victim, yet felt himself forced to throw cold water on the project.

"Friend," said he, "for every piece of silver we can muster by clubbing our store, Joel Mathewson could lay down a piece of gold. His foundry alone bringeth in a revenue of thirty thousand dollars. Bethink thee, too, that he may safely bid the wealth of Ophir, seeing he is the actual owner of the captive maiden, wherefore he is as one who playeth with cogged dice."

There was no disputing the truth of the good Quaker's assertion.

That afternoon and evening, the "chivalry," lured by the glowing paragraphs in the newspapers, came pouring into the town by train, or in vehicles of non-descript character. They did not all come to buy, but for the most part to look on, scrutinize, and exercise their critical powers, just as amateurs who never owned a horse frequent Tattersall's. It was a sore trial to the patience of Ellen's friends to have perforce to listen, in bar and saloon, in street and vestibule, to loud and idle conversations of which she was the theme, to empty jests and brutal ribaldry, and to stories equally false and revolting, in which the name of "Helen, the pretty quadroon," was bandied from mouth to mouth. The ignorant and profligate planters had no pity for the supposed slave; to them the sale was a pleasant piece of excitement. Mr. Bingley held his peace, and restrained his natural indignation with the strength which long self-discipline gave him; but I could scarcely refrain, more than once, from giving the lie to some one of the foul-tongued braggarts who were prating at my elbow.

The next morning, we were early afoot. This was the day of the auction; it was also the day of the hearing in the Supreme Court, since our attorney had not been able to obtain the ear of the judge on the preceding afternoon. The court assembled at ten. The sale was fixed for noon. At half-past nine, Brother Boaz and I walked together towards the tribunal. On our way, I caught a glimpse, across the street, of a face at the sight of which I felt the same repugnant thrill that would have been caused by the sight of a serpent—Joel Mathewson! The old scoundrel had kept aloof from Savannah until now, and had arrived in time for the sale, ostensibly attracted, like other persons, by the advertisements and newspaper paragraphs. He was dressed in black, as usual, with a thick white cravat, and a jewelled broach stuck in it; and his brown hands, on which the muscles and veins stood out like unravelled cordage, were gloveless. His face was less pale than usual—it was blotched with an unwholesome red; his wicked eyes were bloodshot, and his lips twitched nervously; but these tokens of excitement only added to the cadaverous look of the man. He winced a little as my eyes met his; but instantly recovering his boldness, he strode across the street, and fixing his scowling gaze on me, addressed me with extreme insolence. "Why are you not at your work, sir, I should like to know? We don't pay young puppies to neglect their duties on the rail, I guess, and come here playing the champion to nigger wenches."

I should have struck him, old man though he was, in the first impulse of anger, had not Brother Boaz pressed his heavy hand on my arm. I mustered all my self-control, as I saw, by the malicious twinkle in the elder's eyes, that he was trying to provoke me into some illegal act. Briefly telling him that he was no master of mine, and that to the Board alone was I responsible, I turned my back on the hoary sinner, and entered the court-house.

The court assembled in due time, and the judge heard the arguments of our counsel with tolerable patience, examined the evidence, and—took time for a decision. It was, he thought, a case for a jury. But we knew how little could be hoped from a jury of Southern men. We applied for an order to stop the sale; it was refused. The judge grew irritable and techy at the bare mention of a step so certain to inflame the angry passions of the populace.

We left the court with heavy hearts. A gleam of hope was now raised in our minds by the arrival of the British consul. This gentleman, though our tale appeared to him as most improbable and ill-supported, still did what he could for us. His influence prevailed on the judge to promise an early decision, a barren boon, where all the chances were against us. We found the slave-mart thronged, and even the avenues to it crowded; but by bribery and elbowing we made our way in. By this time, the town was in a ferment. The whole population, white and black, swarmed in the streets, and the chattering of tongues was incessant, and Ellen the theme of all. But there was more than mere curiosity abroad. The Irish laborers in the dockyard were in a state of fierce excitement and suspicion. A rumor had got wind to the effect, that a country-woman of their own, an Irish girl from the "ould counthry" was to be sold as a slave, on false pretences. Those who know the Irish most intimately best know the effect of such an appeal on their sympathies. Some hundreds of bronzed athletic fellows were collected on the wharves and in the water-side streets, with cudgels and crowbars in their hands; and before the lowering menace of their gaze, the eyes of the turbulent mob of Savannah quailed in fear. As yet, by infinite pains on the part of the police and leading townsmen, the Irishmen had been kept from actual riot; but they swore loudly that, unless justice were done, they would "wreck the city," in revenge for the oppression of a compatriot. Just as we crossed the threshold of the mart, we heard the quick roll of drums, and two companies of militia marched down the street with shouldered arms, and drew up so as to present an imposing front to the Paddies on the quay, whose yells of derision and defiance instantly drowned the martial music of these holiday soldiers. Still not a stone was thrown, not a blow struck; the indignation of the Irish seemed to expend itself in angry cries. I have said the mart was very full; a space, however, railed off from the rest of the hall, was kept free. Here was the pulpit-like rostrum of the auctioneer; here, too, was the platform, technically styled the "block," on which slaves stood to be sold. A dozen negroes, clad in white cottons, old and infirm, for the most part, sat huddled together on a bench. A little door admitted into an inner chamber, and we noticed that many of the Southerners went by twos and threes through this door, and returned in a little time, laughing and chatting, with an air of superior wisdom. I whispered to Brother Boaz, to ask the meaning of this. "They go to see the lamb offered for sale—even Ellen!" answered the Quaker, with an eye that sparkled wrathfully, though the good man's voice was calm. I almost choked with indignation. Ellen Neale, a girl as delicate and modest as any lady I had ever seen, to be subjected to the rude stare, the impertinent questions and remarks, perhaps the coarse affronts, of a dissolute and vulgar rabble of white tyrants, in whose eyes she was below humanity!

But now the auctioneer, hammer in hand, came out, mounted his rostrum, and bowed and grinned. He was a facetious, glib-tongued man, very popular in the South. He commenced business at once. As Boaz had foretold, the worn-out negroes were put up for sale as a mere sham. No one made a serious bid for any of the poor creatures. One man offered "five cents"; another would "take all the lots, weight for weight, against molasses"; and after many jokes, the valueless property was "withdrawn." Then a stir and an excited murmur ran through the crowd, and Ellen Neale, dressed entirely in white, with her dark hair arranged in simple braids, was led into the hall, between Hiram Cross and his partner, and compelled to place herself on the platform. In spite of the dark marks which tears and sleeplessness had traced round her lustrous eyes, in spite of her marble paleness, the noble girl looked gloriously beautiful. She entered slowly and timidly, and with drooping head; but when she was on the platform, and when, suddenly lifting her eyes, she met the gaze of all those unpitying strangers, she shrank back, and a flush of indignant crimson ran like flame over her fair pale face. But, alas! this did but add to her attractions, and the spectators clapped their hands and hummed applause, as to a favorite actress. She hid her face, and sobbed aloud.

"Be of good cheer, maiden; Heaven has not forsaken thee, nor have thy friends"! cried Brother Boaz, pushing the people to left and right.

Ellen looked eagerly up, saw us, and held out both hands towards us, crying aloud: "Dear, dear friends! O save me, if you can!"

But the Quaker and I were roughly grasped by many hands, and many threatening voices declared that we should be cut into mince-meat—swindling Abolitionists that we were—if we dared to wag tongue or finger. The light of hope died out in Ellen's eyes; but now she was calm, and with a womanly pride that awed the ruffianly crowd, she stood like a statue on the platform.

The sale began. "An attractive lot this, gentlemen," said the auctioneer; "high bids are expected, for it isn't every day such angeliferous loveliness comes to the hammer. The famous quadroon, Helen, rising nineteen, and accomplished, yes, gentlemen, I assure you. Sings, I'm credibly informed, and has a very pretty talent for foreign languages. A very white mulatto, gentlemen, so light as to have given rise to absurd reports spread by Quaker rowdies and riffraff Britishers; but *I* never heard a fair skin objected to in a slave. A housekeeper, gentlemen, governess, *or* companion"——

But I have not patience to insert the auctioneer's whole speech, which elicited hearty laughter and plaudits. Every now and then, a hoarse roar from the Irish on the quay broke on our ears, almost overpowering the auctioneer's voice, and then followed the clank of arms and the word of military command outside.

The bidding began. "Ten thousand dollars for the lot, gentlemen? Well, *one* thousand, just to start us. Who bids?" A sallow youth, owner of a plantation, nodded assent—"One thousand bid!"

"*Two* thousand," said Joel Mathewson, hoarsely; and a sharp contest began.

Partly to tease the old elder, partly moved by a desire to secure the beautiful prize, the chivalry made lavish bids. Joel Mathewson's yellow face grew crimson and then purple; his eyes glowed like carbuncles, and his thin body shook with eagerness as he repeated his prodigal offers. The hammer hung poised. *Eighteen* thousand! The hammer fell. For eighteen thousand dollars, Ellen was the property of Joel Mathewson. There was a shout and a laugh.

Ellen drew herself up; there was an angry light in her eyes, and she looked almost sublime as she wrung her hands, uttering in a low distinct voice: "I shall escape you yet: I know how to die."

"We shall see that, my pretty lady," cried Mathewson. "Cross, remove her to the carriage; those Irish blackguards are louder than ever."

But here a shrill feminine voice rose above all other sounds. It was the voice of Ruth Bingley, who struggled through the crowd, holding aloft a paper, and screaming: "Saved! saved!" till the roof rang again. And with Ruth were her sister and the British consul, escorted by the States' marshal.

The paper proved to be a formal order from the Supreme Court, to "bring away and liberate the body of Helen, otherwise Ellen Neale, recognized as a British subject."

An all-important proof of poor Ellen's identity, forgotten by herself, and overlooked by all, had been that day discovered by Ruth Bingley among some clothes which in her hurry had been left at Augusta—this was a regular certificate of baptism, properly attested, a testimony which even the tribunal of Savannah could not deny to be valid. Perhaps the fury of the Irish laborers, who threatened to disarm the militia and "tatter the town," had its influence over this decision.

In a minute more, Ellen, rescued and safe, was in the arms of her friends, and drawn gently away. As we left Savannah in a carriage, to escape the publicity of the railway, some one pulled Boaz by the sleeve and whispered to him. The Quaker turned to me with a solemn awe upon his face. "What?" I asked. "Joel Mathewson," answered the Quaker gravely, "is in the presence of his Maker. Wrath and disappointment have brought on a fit of apoplexy, of which he lies dead, even on the scene of his iniquity. Lo! the judgment of Ananias is upon him!" We said no more.

I am happy to say that when I was in Ireland six months since, engaged on the Galway Extension, I spent a pleasant week at the snug farm of my friends, James O'Shea and Ellen his wife—that Ellen Neale who has been the subject of this story. They are loving, prosperous and content, as handsome a couple as any in the Old World or the New. I ought to mention Toby, who is still alive, and a cherished pet upon their hearth, as a veteran who has twice crossed the Atlantic should be.

REV. GEORGE TRASK.

BY REV. LUCIUS HOLMES.

The "wide world" is not usually acquainted with more than one or two traits of living reformers. It did not know that Luther was genial, that Melancthon was gentle, that Wilberforce was companionable. I fear that my first sentence gives the "world" too much credit. It is very liable to have distorted impressions of the *whole* character of the man or woman who contends against its errors. To the imagination of many, he or she is monstrous, or strange, or at least queer. By and by, it will be known that Garrison is a polished, dignified *gentleman*, and *not* an infidel; that Phillips is a *deliberate* speaker; that C. C. Burleigh is a grand logician, and S. S. Foster mighty in appeals to conscience, etc. It is only within a few months that I have been accustomed to meet limitarian clergymen and laymen, who had arrived at the information that Universalists actually hold to the Christion religion! How must our denominational fathers have been regarded by the "many"!

The above is a reflection that possesses our mind as we hold in our hand a set of tracts from the Anti-Tobacco Tract Depository, Fitchburg. "Many" have heard, or heard of, Rev. George Trask. Well, some think him blunt and singular. There may be sensible individuals who fancy him a little deranged. See Acts xxvi. 24. There are those who acknowledge he is doing good, bluntly or not. How many know he is esteemed a good citizen; that he is a man of marvellous industry and perseverance, of enterprise, extraordinary intellectual power, and felicitous wit? Take one of his tracts;—consider what it is to do, whom it is to reach, and if it be not fitted for its work. If any one doubts whether he has any power in a literary point, let him read some of his "appeals." I would instance that one designed to persuade J. B. Gough to give his attention *exclusively* to the temperance cause.

But I will take space only to say a word or two more, and merely on the point of wit. Awhile since, I was away from home, and called to make efforts that somewhat tasked my mental powers. When the duty was accomplished, I bethought me what I should read to rest and divert my mind—to act as an alterative, as H. W. Beecher has expressed it. I am so constituted, that though fond of some forms of mirthfulness, comic representations such as we generally see, only disgust me. It occurred to me to take out of my valise the fresh looking, well printed publications Mr. Trask had given me on the cars, the day before. I first read in the Anti-Tobacco Journal for March and April, 1863, commencing with the "Campaign of '53." I was *amused, pleased, edified.* I enjoyed the style—the laconicism of laconics. I laughed heartily over what seemed to me *genuine* wit. The pictorial illustrations in this and other tracts came in for their share of admiration. I rested fast. To be sure, I was not silly in my disposition to laugh. I tried reading to my intelligent host and interesting family, and we looked at the illustrations together. They were affected "in like manner," and some of them more than myself. Were not space in *The Trumpet* so precious, I would try to justify my impressions to the reader by quoting abundantly.

We venture to predict that the "depository" will be "rumaged" hundreds of years hence, when the great Anti-Tabacco victory shall have been consummated, by hungry literati and plodding antiquarians, who shall find "brilliants" where we customarily recognize only the ploughshare of reform. Heaven bless Rev. George Trask, and multiply his friends!—*Boston Trumpet and Freeman.*

First View of a Glacier.—We began our descent from the Furca Pass on foot. No one who has not experienced it can imagine the exhilaration of walking in high mountain regions in a cool day. We were like so many colts turned loose in a pasture, each seeming to vie with the other in foolish capers. We ran, we jumped, we took straight lines down the steep places, and soon left our zigzagging horses and guides far behind us. On turning to the left, at one point, suddenly there broke upon me a sight that brought me to a halt. There was a Glacier! It was the first I had seen! For years I had read everything I could lay my hands upon concerning glaciers; had followed Alpine travellers with an interest scarcely less than that excited by Polar regions; had been an invisible and imaginary member of the Alpine Club, and explored with its most adventurous men the "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers of the Alps," and yet had never seen one! There was a kind of mystery hung about them. They were clothed in my mind with an indescribable interest. At length I beheld it! There it lay, of dazzling whiteness, so that I could scarcely look upon it. It seemed to be let down from the sky. The clouds darkened the valley where I stood. But they had opened, far up this valley, to the left, and let through a blaze of light that kindled the snow to the most intense and dazzling radiance. I sat down in silence. I do not now know why tears should have started. It was not simply the picture that lay before me. It was the stirring within, by that picture, of those subtle yearnings which never fail to rise in the presence of objects that bring near the conception of the Infinite and Eternal God! My inward vision reached far beyond any outward seeing. I almost expected to hear an Apocalyptic voice, and to behold angels above it, as if this exceeding whiteness, lifted up against the far sky, could mean nothing less than the opening of the gate of Heaven!—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

"I want you all to remember, that the 10th day of next Eighth month will be 53 years since I assumed the loved name of D——e."—*Extract from Grandmother's Letter.*

Alone! yet not alone! by friends surrounded,
Yet most sincerely lonely, since my heart
In its most secret, tender place is wounded;
Since I must bear the widow's double part
Of all life's sorrows, and must feel the smart
Of wishing still to be, my husband, where thou art.

God is my witness how, alone, I've striven
To lead our band of children unto Him,
To follow in thy footsteps up to Heaven,
And now that earthly sights are growing dim
I seem to see Heaven clearer—through earth's din
Upon my dull ear fall the songs of Cherubim!

How well I loved thee, O! my best and dearest!
How strong, how firm, how true thou wast to me!
Of all the earth we held each other nearest;
Sorrows we shared, and joys would doubled be,
Each thinking, "dearest, I am doubly glad for thee!"

Yes, we were wed in mind, heart, thought and feeling,
And unto us were little children born;
How plain I see their forms at evening kneeling,
How plain I see each baby's birthday morn!
O! household love! that laughs all want and care to scorn.

Sweet babes! ah! you are laughing at poor mother;
'Tis but a day, and yet—what do I see?
Bowed forms, gray hairs 'mid the dark locks of other:
This baby in my arms belongs to thee,
My daughter's daughter; yet, children, how *can* it be?

Fifty-three years! aye, John, I never rued it;
Thy name is still the sweetest to my ear;
Thy memory has with music sweet imbued it;
Thine and our children's name, 'tis doubly dear!
And while I speak it now, I half believe thee near.

Yet thou art gone before! careful as ever
To smooth my path, to break the way for me.
I'm coming soon—sweet death shall kindly sever
The misty veil between my soul and thee.
Through the twilight of life another morn I see!

Yes, I have had the morning, noon, and evening
Of life and love on earth; the storm, the shade,
The winter bare, the summer's busy leafing;
'Tis now the twilight hour, and soon shall fade
The last of earth! and then bright Heaven will stand displayed.

I'm weary, Lord! why doth the twilight linger?
Must I wait the lifting of the pall
That shrouds us? watch the tracing of the finger
That writes in blood upon our country's wall!
O! give me grace to say, I thank thee, God, for all!

Perhaps, my children, I shall be in Heaven
When this day comes again; if it be so,
I wish you'd keep it once again! I've striven
To keep the birth and death days as we go—
I always thought it knit us closer still, you know.

Ah! well, you all have cares enough, and sorrows,
But let a word of mine have weight with you:
Tho' dark the nights, there cometh still to-morrows!
"The Sun is in His place," to Him be true,
Love one another all, and still your duty do.

And one thing more: while thus we meet together
To celebrate some birth or wedding-day,
Let us remember those whom marriage never
Hath sanctified, whose heads are growing gray
Beneath the heavy yoke of slavery to-day!

For them at length the heavy night is breaking,
The blood-red clouds attest the coming morn!
Light thrills us through, tho' still our hearts are aching,
And still for all our grief and woe forlorn,
We know that of the Night a Day shall soon be born.

Pennville, Jay Co., Ind.

THE NEGRO QUESTION BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the British Association, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on Thursday, Aug. 27th, Sir Roderick Murchison, in the geographical and ethnological section, took a review of the geographical discoveries of the year. The most numerous attendance was in the geographical section, the large assembly room where it was held being crowded all day. "The inevitable negro question" turned up in this section during the afternoon, and was discussed with some degree of rancor. Mr. Crawford sent a paper on the commixture of the races of man as affecting the progress of the civilization of the new world; and he laid down the bold doctrine that children the offspring of white and colored persons, or rather, as he termed them, children the result of the union of the superior with the inferior race, were sickly and feeble, and liable to die young; and he maintained if there was a commixture of the races man would perish from the face of the earth. This launched the section into the controversy of "North and South." A speaker asserted that negroes were better treated in the South than in the North, and he attempted to prove that they were incapable of a high civilization. He was replied to very ably by Dr. Wilson; and Mr. William Craft, who has just returned from Africa, rose and spoke. He said that he had experienced in his own person the treatment a colored man receives both in the North and in the South. He admitted that in one sense a colored man was sometimes better treated in the South than in the North; but that was when he was a chattel. A negro as a man—a free man—was treated with greater contempt in the South than in the North. In the former he was denied his rights of citizenship; in the latter they were conceded to him. He was within the mark in saying that nearly two-thirds of the negroes in the Northern States of America had more or less of European blood in them, and had it not been for that amalgamation, instead of there being 4,000,000 of slaves in those States, there probably would not have been more than 1,000,000. Whenever the African race had had equal opportunities with the whites, they had shown that they possessed considerable intellectual ability, and many of them had risen to very high position in society. He mentioned that in order that persons who were not acquainted with Africans might understand that there was just as much difference between individual Africans as between individual Englishmen. He did not admit that Kaffirs were fair specimens of the negro race. Dr. Hunt agreed with Mr. Crawford in the general conclusions at which he had arrived, but he thought he had not dwelt sufficiently on the great physiological law which was admitted by most observers, that where the intermixture was kept up through succeeding generations the offspring gradually died out, and the race became extinct. He thought that the laws in the Southern States of America against the intermarriage of the negroes and the whites were wise laws. The discussion was continued by Mr. C. Blake, Mr. Hedgeley, and Mr. Craft, and ultimately was adjourned until a future day.

It is stated that Capt. Maury, of the Confederate States, has also to broach the subject. Mr. Craft will also read notes of his visit to the King of Dahomey.

"SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."

The Harpers have just published a very remarkable book with this title. It is not only remarkable but its appearance is most timely. For at a time when our whole system is undergoing the most fiery trial, and when, consequently, many a man is inclined to look elsewhere, and especially to England, as to a sure and steadfast form of society, whoever shows that England has reached her present condition, which seems to him so enviable, through the stern manipulation of civil war, helps the doubtful and timid to a juster judgment. But whoever shows that the present condition of England, which seems superficially so enviable, is but a veneer of prosperity over the most radical ignorance, vice and discontent, teaches the besitating mind that, with all its faults, our own system is rooted in the only philosophy from which enduring national peace can spring.

The gentleman who, after large personal observation in England, and much cogent reflection, has edited this English book, has therefore performed a great public service. His preface, which is brief and pointed, informs us that he had abandoned his project of an original work upon the practical working of the British internal policy for the last twenty years, because the present embittered feeling between the two countries would inevitably expose such a work to the charge and suspicion of prejudice. He has, therefore, selected an English work, published in the year 1850, by Joseph Kay, who was commissioned by the British University of Cambridge to investigate the comparative social condition of the poorer classes in the countries of Western Europe, and from this work he has caused to be reprinted the chapters that describe the social condition of England. He says: "No stone has been left unturned by the ruling